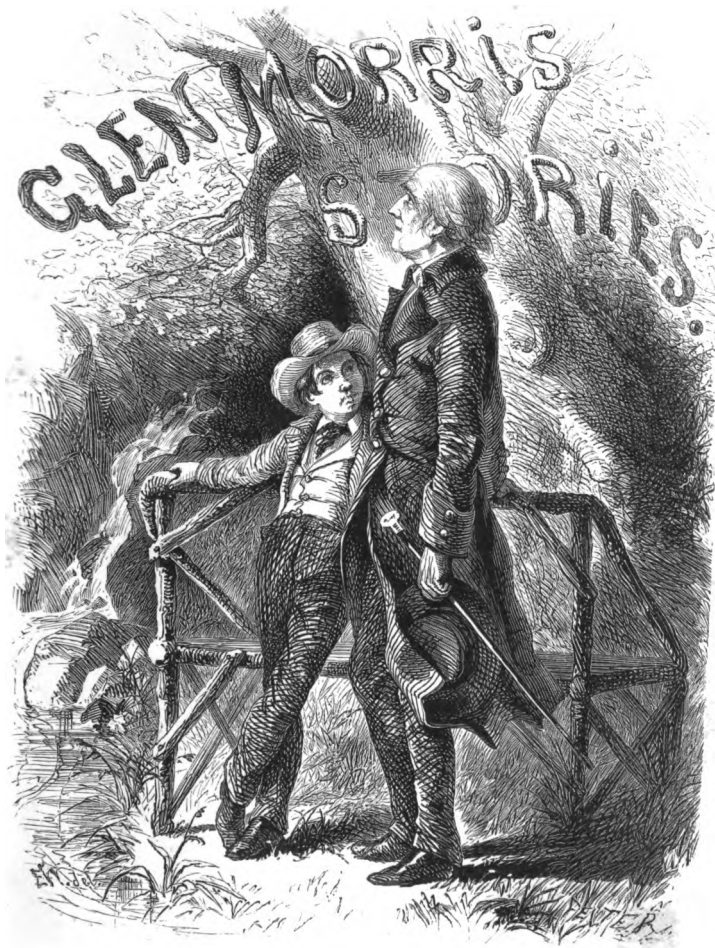




DICK'S PRIVATE PRACTICE.



Wise, Daniel.

GLEN MORRIS STORIES.

DICK DUNCAN;

THE

STORY OF A BOY WHO LOVED MISCHIEF, AND HOW
HE WAS CURED OF HIS EVIL HABIT.

BY

FRANCIS FORRESTER, ESQ., *second.*

AUTHOR OF "MY UNCLE TOBY'S LIBRARY," "GUY CARLTON," ETC.

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NOTE

TO PARENTS, GUARDIANS, AND TEACHERS.

THE purpose of the "GLEN MORRIS STORIES" is to sow the seed of pure, noble, manly character in the mind of our great nation's childhood. They exhibit the virtues and vices of childhood, not in prosy, unreadable precepts, but in a series of characters which move before the imagination as living beings do before the senses. Thus access to the heart is won by way of the imagination. While the story charms, the truth sows itself in the conscience and in the affections. The child is thereby led to abhor the false and the vile, and to sympathize with the right, the beautiful, and the true. To every parent, teacher, and guardian who has affinity with these high purposes, the "Glen Morris Stories" are most respectfully inscribed by their fellow-laborer in the field of childhood,

FRANCIS FORRESTER.

ORDER OF THE GLEN MORRIS STORIES.

- I. Guy Carlton, the Story of a Boy who belonged to the "Try Company."*
- II. Dick Duncan, the Story of a Boy who loved Mischief.*
- III. Jessie Carlton, the Story of a Girl who fought with a troublesome little Wizard, and conquered him.*
- IV. Walter Sherwood, the Story of an easy good-natured Boy.*
- V. Kate Carlton, the Story of a vain Girl.*

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PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS IN THIS STORY.

DICK DUNCAN, son of Richard Duncan, Esq., of Duncanville, a small village near New York.

ADOLPHUS HARDING, a companion of Dick.

GUY CARLTON, son of a New York merchant.

HUGH, brother to Guy.

JESSIE, sister to Hugh and Guy.

KATE CARLTON, cousin to the young Carltons.

UNCLE MORRIS, brother to Mrs. Carlton.

PROFESSOR NAILER, a schoolmaster.

DICK DUNCAN.



CHAPTER I.

THE ROBIN HOOD ARCHERY CLUB.

"WHAT'S that, Hugh?" asked Guy Carlton, as, looking up from the book he was reading, he turned his face toward the window.

"That's Walter Sherwood's whistle," replied his brother. "He wants us to go to the glen, to form that Archery Club we talked of this morning."

"What! is it time to go?"

"Yes, the clock is striking two. Don't you hear it?"

"I declare I didn't think it was so late. Come, let us be going!"

With these words, Guy rose from his chair, took his Rollin from the table, and went out.

Hugh had displeased his father, and his spirits were rather low. "My father does not trust me," was the thought that oppressed him, and made him slower than usual in his movements. Without saying a word, he took his cap and followed his brother into the lane, which ran past the side of the house to the glen.

There they found Dick Duncan and Walter Sherwood with Norman Butler, a short, fat boy, almost as broad as he was high. These, with Guy and Hugh, made up an archery club, which they called the Robin Hood Archery Club,—each boy taking the name of some member of that famous band. Their place of meeting was a glen on the Carlton estate, which was called Glen Morris.

"Welcome to Glen Morris, most noble chief," said Guy, taking off his cap, and bowing with an air of mock respect to Dick Duncan, or, to use his archer's name, Robin Hood.

"I s'pose you're captain till four o'clock," growled Dick; "so lead off as quick as you please, and let us get through with that plaguey readin' of yours."

Guy was looking askance at the fat boy, to whom he had never yet spoken, though he had seen him in the village. Walter, guessing the meaning of his look, took Norman by the hand, and said—

“This is Norman Butler, Guy. He is to be the Friar Tuck of our archery club, you know.” Then turning his face toward Norman, he added, “And this is Guy Carlton, who is the Lieutenant Little John of our club; and this is his brother Hugh, whose archery name is George a Green.”

The brothers shook hands with Norman, and bade him welcome to Glen Morris, after which Dick, whose eyes twinkled with fun, said—

“Don’t you think Norman will make a capital friar, eh?”

“First-rate!” shouted Hugh, who being out of his father’s sight, had begun to recover his spirits; then turning to Norman, he said, “I guess you don’t fast very often, do you Friar Tuck?”

“Only when I can’t get any thing to eat,” replied the boy, with a quiet humor, which

made the boys all laugh right heartily, and led Richard to say, in his queer way—

“I guess the friar never trains in the Greenhorn company.”

The boys now started for the glen, and were soon seated round the little table in Jessie's bower, with Guy at its head, earnestly reading Rollin's account of Alexander and the noble horse Bucephalus, which he mounted so bravely by placing him so that he could not see his own shadow. .

Guy was a good reader, and although Dick yawned a few times, and tried once or twice to get up a little fun by tickling Hugh's ear with a spire of grass, and by trying to throw a big fly into Norman's open mouth, yet Guy kept their attention until four o'clock. Then he closed his book, and moving from his seat to the outside of the bower, said—

“Now, boys, let us up and hold our archery meeting!”

“What! is it four o'clock?” exclaimed Walter. “I declare, Guy, that Alexander was a grand fellow! I like him, I do, and I really

want to hear how he made out in his march to India. I never thought Rollin was half so interesting as you've made him to us this afternoon."

"Glad you're pleased," said Guy; "I think Rollin's history is the most interesting book I ever read. I'll read it to you again to-morrow, if you will come to the glen."

Before Walter could reply, Norman and Hugh, who stood behind Guy, broke into a laugh so loud that it filled the glen with echoes. Walter looked up and saw them holding their sides and nodding, as they laughed, at Guy's back. Not knowing their meaning, he felt half vexed at them, and said to Guy—

"I guess those fellows have found a jet of laughing gas somewhere."

By this time Guy had turned round to see what their laughter meant. That movement set Walter to laughing as wildly as the others. And no wonder, for on the back of Guy's jacket was a chalk sketch of a donkey rearing his hind legs, and pitching his rider over his head. Master Dick, who had been seated next to Guy, had

executed this work of art during the reading, which had so secured the attention of the rest, that no one had seen what the mischievous lad was doing.

Guy looked confused. He saw that he was the object of their laughter, though he knew not why. So, after gazing on the other boys a moment, he said—

“What *are* you laughing at?”

“At your jacket,” replied Walter, wiping away the tears which his laughter had caused.

“What is the matter with my jacket?” asked Guy, with wonder in his looks.

“Just pull it off, and you will see,” replied Walter.

He did so; and when he spread it out on his hands and saw the funny sketch, he could not help laughing too; though he felt a little vexed at Richard for making him the subject of this idle, practical joke. A sharp word leaped to his lips. But the thought that he was under a promise to Uncle Morris to try and bring Dick Duncan into right paths, led him to check his lips with the bridle of self-restraint. After a

moment or two of silent thought, he smiled, and turning to Richard, said—

“If that’s the way you serve your *friends*, Richard Duncan, what would you do to your *enemies*?”

Without waiting for Richard’s reply, Guy spread his jacket on the table in the bower, and with a few strokes of his handkerchief, and a hearty shake or two, removed the lightly traced chalk lines, and put the garment on again.

Meanwhile the other boys had been telling Dick it was “too bad,” “too mean,” and “a shame,” to play such a trick on “such a good fellow as Guy Carlton.”

Dick only snapped his fingers at them, however, and said, “I guess it didn’t hurt his jacket.”

“Now, worthy chief, most noble Robin Hood,” said Guy, coming back from the bower, and speaking cheerfully, “we are ready to receive your commands.”

“My command is, that you, Lieutenant Little John provide me, and these foresters of mine, with bows and arrows.”

"He, who would have those trusty weapons, must make them, brave Robin Hood," said Guy, "and I propose that we proceed to the woods yonder and cut the materials for our weapons."

"Agreed!" shouted Norman and Walter.

"Who comes here?" asked Dick Duncan, pointing to the opening in the glen. "I declare it's your surly old uncle, Guy. What can he want?"

The boys all turned in the direction pointed out by young Duncan. They saw the tall form of Uncle Morris approaching. He was followed by a man loaded with bows and quivers filled with arrows.

"Bravo!" shouted Dick. "I'm a poor coon if your uncle hasn't got a whole arsenal of weapons;" and lowering his voice, he added, as he touched Guy's elbow, "I really believe your uncle has more goodness than I gave him credit for."

By this time Uncle Morris and his attendant had reached the group; his eyes fairly twinkled with humor and kindness. After glancing and

smiling on each expectant face, he bowed with mock gravity, and addressed Dick in these words—

“Chief of archers! permit me to present you with a tough, ashen bow, and a quiver of cloth-yard shafts, for your noble self and each of your worthy band. Also a target for practice. May you acquire a skill in the use of these weapons equal to that of the ancient Robin Hood, but may you be far more skilful than he in hitting the true aim of life!”

“Three cheers for Mr. Morris, boys!” shouted Dick; then whirling his cap round his head, he cried, “Hip, hip, hip, hurrah!”

“Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!” shouted the boys, with such lusty good-will that the glen echoed loudly to their voices.

When the shouting was over, Uncle Morris gave each boy a bow, and a quiver well filled with arrows.

“You are very kind, dear uncle, to bring us these bows and arrows,” said Guy; “we are all very much obliged to you.”

“I know it, boy, I know it,” replied the good

old man. "I can see your gratitude in your looks. No need of words. Go to your sports now. The more health and pleasure you get out of these bows and arrows the greater will be my pay." Then turning to young Duncan, he added, "Now, bold Robin Hood, call your merry men to arms."

"To arms! to arms! to arms, boys!" shouted Richard, assuming an air of command.

The boys slung their quivers across their shoulders, drew an arrow apiece, and stood with their bows ready for use.

"Take George a Green and Friar Tuck, and set up the target for practice," said Dick, addressing Guy.

The order was obeyed. The target being set up, they measured off twenty yards, and began to make trial of their skill. Guy and Hugh having practised archery before, were pretty good marksmen, but the rest made some awkward shots at first. Still, the sport went on cheerily, until it was too dark to see.

"Club's dismissed!" said the chief; "and it's really been good fun, hasn't it, Hugh?" and the

speaker brought down his palm upon that boy's back with such good-will as to make him cry, "Oh!"

While Guy was getting the target, the other boys wended their way up the lane toward Glen Morris cottage, disputing, as they went, about who was the best shot. When Guy overtook them, he found Walter Sherwood a little in the rear of the others. Stepping to his side, he touched his shoulder and said—

"Walter, what's that hanging from your jacket?"

"What's *what*?" asked Walter, passing one hand, as he spoke, along his back.

Guy's question had made the other boys turn round, and they all burst into a loud laugh when they saw a white pocket-handkerchief pinned to the hem of Walter's jacket, and dangling down almost to his heels.

"Taken to petticoats, eh?" said Norman Butler.

"Some of that Dick Duncan's nonsense again," remarked Walter, a little pettishly. "He is always up to some trick. Here, Dick—"

But Dick was gone. When Guy had first spoken, he ran ahead, knowing that Walter would be a little vexed with him for his idle trick.

"Never mind, I'll pay Master Dick for that, see if I don't," said Walter.

Just then a loud squealing, as of a pig in distress, saluted their ears. It came from the pig-gery back of Mr. Carlton's barn. Hurrying up to see what was the matter, they soon found Master Dick standing beside the pig sty, so full of laughter he could not speak. He pointed to the pigs. The boys peered through the twilight in the direction of his finger, trying to discover the cause of his amusement.

"He has shot one of the pigs with his arrow!" cried Guy, leaping over the fence of the sty as he spoke.

"Done *what?*" said a grave voice, in the rear of the boys.

Looking round, they saw the tall form of Uncle Morris. He had been drawn to the spot by the squealing of the pig.

"Dick Duncan's been shooting a pig, Sir,"

replied Norman Butler, in reply to Mr. Morris's question.

Such was the fact. Following the bent of his frolicsome mood, after leaving the boys, he had aimed an arrow at one of the pigs. The sharp-pointed weapon had pierced its haunch. Smarting with pain, the creature had taken to squealing and running round the sty. And that was the cause of the silly laughter with which he had greeted the other boys.

By this time Guy had drawn the arrow from the wounded pig, and rejoined his companions; Dick took his arrow and was skulking off, when Uncle Morris arrested him by saying, in grave tones—

“Master Richard Duncan, I and my nephews have tried to afford you the means of innocent sport to-day. You have been our guest. In return, you have been cruel to an animal which never did you harm. You might have killed the creature had your arrow struck it in a vital spot, and then you would have injured my nephew's father. Is it thus you repay the kindness of your friends and playmates?”

"I didn't mean any harm, Mr. Morris," said Dick with a slight sign of shame in his manner ;
"I only did it for fun."

"I believe you, Richard. You did not think far enough to see all the bearings of your act. The spirit of fun, as you call it—I name it the spirit of mischief—came over you. Without thinking, you obeyed it, and did a cruel, ungrateful, ungenerous act. Now, let an old man who loves you tell you a wholesome truth. You must conquer that spirit of mischief which is in you, or it will be your ruin. Remember the proverb, 'He that hath no rule over his own spirit is like a city that is broken down, and without walls.' You may go, now, but I beg you not to compel Mr. Carlton, my brother, to command his sons to avoid you as a hopelessly foolish and dangerous boy."

"Forgive him this time, Uncle Morris," said Guy ; "my word for it, he will be more thoughtful another time."

"I'll try to be, Mr. Morris, that I will, if you will overlook my offence," interposed Richard.

"Well, I forgive you; and mark me, Richard Duncan, I have faith in you."

"Thank you, sir," replied Dick, "I'll prove myself worthy of it."

"So have I," added Guy. Stepping up, he took hold of Dick's hand.

These words of kindness sank into the heart of the frolicsome boy, as a warm pebble melts its way into an iceberg. But feeling confused he held down his head, and, after silently shaking Guy's hand, walked quietly away.

The rest of the boys now separated, and went to their homes.

•

CHAPTER II.

IDLE JEM.

"THE old man compared me to a city that is broken down and without walls, because I let, what he called, the spirit of mischief rule me. Well, it's pretty much so, I guess. A city without walls has no means of preventing an enemy from marching in when he pleases, and I can't keep the evil spirit out of me. Ha, ha! what a queer old chap Uncle Morris is! But I promised to be more *thoughtful*! Do you hear that, Dick Duncan? You gave your word, and the old man said he had faith in you. So you must mind your P's and Q's after this. Do you hear that, you scapegrace, Dick Duncan?"

Thus did young Duncan talk to himself the morning after the first meeting of the archery club. It was his first moment of serious thought on his great fault. Not that he felt *very* serious, for even then his mind was giving birth to a

scheme for making fun, which, a few moments later, he was absorbed in carrying out. But it was something gained for such a boy as he, to think of himself, as a subject of improvement at all.

He was sitting on a bench which stood against the side of his father's coach-house. During his soliloquy, his eyes wandered to the wall which formed the end of the kitchen. This wall was covered with a noble grape-vine. A long ladder was standing against it to enable the gardener to nail the far-spreading branches of the vine to the trellis-work. The boy noticed that the ladder very nearly reached the top of the kitchen chimney, which rose up a short distance above the peak of the roof. Being in the habit of searching everywhere for the means of fun, his idle mind at once whispered—

“Wouldn't it be fun to put a board on the top of that chimney! How old Dinah's eyes would stick out, to see the smoke pouring down the chimney and filling the kitchen! I'll do it, and old Morris may go to grass with his preaching, for all I care.”

Filled with the idea of poor old Dinah's surprise, the mischievous boy searched the coach-house for a suitable board. Having found it, he carried it up the ladder, and after considerable effort, during which he nearly fell backward, to the great risk of his neck, he contrived to place it over the top of the chimney. The next moment he was on the ground again. Placing his hands in his pockets, and putting on an air of perfect unconcern, he began to whistle as he walked slowly in the direction of the kitchen door.

The smoke was already pouring in clouds through the open window. Aunt Dinah, the fat cook, stood in the doorway, wiping the tears, caused by the smoke, from her great round shining face with the corner of her apron. Seeing young Duncan, she said—

“Massa Richard! I do b'l'ëve de big cat fell into dat ar chimney. See dis room! It am so full of smoke, dat it put old Dinah's eyes out. What *you* tink am de matter, Massa Richard?”

“Maybe,” replied the boy, with a merry twinkle in his eyes, “your old man has fallen



DICK SMOKING OUT OLD DINAH.

Page 29.

into the chimney. I saw a ladder standing against the back of the house just now, with no one on it. I guess that old man went up to get the vine, and so fell into the chimney."

"O Massa Richard, you never tickle!" said the boy; "you never frighten de chile out way. You'd be in too big to fall into de fire. He run bigger round de de chimney! Yeh, yeh, yeh!"

The idea of her first husband being crowded into a chimney touched old Dinah's mindfulness, and her sides shook with laughter.

"You are right, Dinah," said old Father, stepping up to Dinah's side; "you are right. I never know what make de chile tickle so. I never see no one dis in board on de ship. I see him in de garden. When he come over here, I step up de ladder and take off de board. He say, 'I am all right now.'"

The boy laughed outright, and looking scornfully at the cook, said, "Never mind, Dinah, I only did it for fun."

"O Massa Richard," said Dinah, with her right hand on her forehead and shaking her head sadly at the boy, "I do believe you can de



Figure 1. A traditional East Asian building.

into the chimney. I saw a ladder standing against the back of the house just now, with no one on it. I guess your old man went up to trim the vine, and so fell into the chimney."

"Massa Richard, you neber tink so," said Dinah; "you neber frighten dis chile dat way. My old man too big to fall into de flue. He am bigger round den de chimney. Yah, yah, yah!"

The idea of her fat husband being crowded into a chimney touched old Dinah's mirthfulness, and her sides shook with laughter.

"You am right, Dinah," said old Peter, stepping up to Dinah's side; "Massa Richard know what make de chimney smoke. I seed him put dis ar board on de top. I watch him from de garden. When he come down here, I slip up de ladder and take off de board. De chimney am all right now."

The boy laughed outright, and looking comically at the cook, said, "Never mind, Dinah, I only did it for fun."

"O massa Richard," said Dinah, holding up her right hand and shaking her forefinger half playfully at the boy, "I do b'l'ever you am de

pictur of ole mischief hisself. I hear missis say so dis bery mornin'. I dunno what you come to, if you no mend yer ways."

"An I hear old massa say, dat you come to de gallus one ob dese days. How you like dat, massa Richard?" said old Peter.

"You go to Texas and mind your own business!" replied Richard sharply, as he turned upon his heel and walked away. He was vexed at being told so plainly what his father and mother had said about him. He was a little ashamed also, for Dinah's words had brought Uncle Morris and his promise of the evening before back to his mind. With a knitted brow and downcast eyes, he went out of the yard into the lane, muttering these words—

"They are right; the spirit of mischief does possess me. I can't help it, and it's no use for Mr. Morris to put faith in me. I haven't any faith in myself. But as to coming to the gallows, that's all nonsense. They don't hang folks for being funny. But let me see. I wounded a pig yesterday just for fun; what, if I had killed the crittur, and it had belonged to

some crusty old fellow like Padwick, wouldn't he have tried to send me to jail? Richard Duncan, you must take care of yourself! Why don't you behave as Guy Carlton does?"

Thus did young Duncan muse and talk with himself, as he now stood leaning against the corner of his father's coach-house, and making lines in the dust with the toe of his boot. The more he thought and talked, the more clearly did he perceive the difference between himself and Guy: and the more faithfully did he condemn his long-cherished habit of making "fun" the great object of his daily pursuit. He was on the point of going over to Glen Morris to talk with Guy and his uncle, when, as his evil genius would have it, he was hailed by a boy named James Townsend, but generally known in Duncanville as "Idle Jem."

"Hallo, Dick! what's the matter! your face is as long as a Hessian boot. You look as if you had lost a fortune and couldn't find it again. What ails you! Are you sick, eh?"

"Ah, Jem, is that you?" replied Richard, rousing himself from his reverie, and shaking off

his thoughtful mood. He had not courage to let Idle Jem know the current of his thoughts, and sought, therefore, to conceal his feelings.

"Yes, I'm Jem Townsend; but hang me if I think you're Dick Duncan," said the boy, in reply to Richard's question.

• "Well, I am 'yours as ever,' as they say at the foot of a letter. I only felt a little blue just now; but it's all over, now you've come: what's in the wind, Jem?"

"Something good, I tell ye. A real spree!" said Jem, with a knowing wink of the eye, that was intended to stimulate Richard's curiosity.

"What is it, a trip to Coney Island, eh?"

"Better than that," replied Jem.

"A fishing party?"

"Not exactly."

"Well, I give it up."

"What do you say of a jaunt to the city?"

"Capital! but who are going!"

"Harry Randall, Will White, myself, and Dick Duncan, if you agree. You see, Harry's father and mother are gone away on a visit. So he's going to take their old horse and carry-

all, and give us a drive to the city. Won't it be fun !”

“First rate. How soon will you be off?”

“Right away. I expect Harry and Will are waiting for us in the hollow where you had your scrape with the pedler.”

Young Duncan winced a little at this allusion to one of his unlucky attempts at fun. He thought, too, of his promise to Uncle Morris, and sighed. His judgment and conscience whispered, “beware,” but the old master-spirit of mischief prevailed. So he shook off his better feelings, and laughing, said—

“That slab-sided pedler was a sharp chap : but that's a bygone. Let us hurry up and join the boys, and then hurrah for the city !”

The two lads now started on a rapid run. A few minutes later they were in the hollow, where the other two boys were waiting with the horse and carry-all.

As Dick stepped into the carriage he glanced at the horse, and was by no means charmed at the aspect of the poor brute. Nudging Jem's side with his elbow, he said to Randall—

"Now, Harry, you must give Old Bones the whip, and make him put us through at the rate of a mile in three minutes!"

This speech called out a loud laugh from all but Harry, who was not pleased with the name given to his horse. Hence, he scowled, and, as he touched the beast with the whip, replied—

"I've often heard my father say that we should never look a gift-horse in the mouth; and seeing I'm going to give you all a ride, I think you might be polite enough not to make fun of my horse, Mr. Dick.

"Harry's right," said Jem, winking his eye at young Duncan. "It's true Old Bones is a rum un to look at, but he *goes* like a rocket. Maybe if he had more flesh he wouldn't travel half as fast. I go in for Old Bones."

"So do I," added Will White; "I always speak well of the bridge that carries me safe over."

"Then you ought to deliver an oration in honor of the bridge in the pasture, which carried our friend Richard Duncan safely *over* into the brook, a few weeks ago."

This palpable hit at young Duncan's misadventure with the goat set the boys into a roar, for Richard was too good-natured to refuse joining in a laugh even at his own expense. So uproarious was their laughter, that the horse became restive, and began to run at a rate, which, judging from his lean, lank looks, one would have supposed impossible. The fact was, "Old Bones," as young Duncan had nicknamed him, was a very vicious fellow, and Randall's father had worked him hard and kept him poorly for the purpose of being able to control him. But now his temper was up, and with his ears thrown back and the bits between his teeth, he almost flew along the road.

At first this was fine fun for these idle boys, and they cheered the horse right merrily, until the adjacent woods echoed their cries.

"Go it, Old Bones!" shouted Jem; "we shall beat every thing on the road this morning."

"Old Bones has more pluck than flesh," said Duncan; "I'd match him against a Long Island steam-engine any day—eh, Will?"

"I say, Old Bones is running away with us,"

replied William, looking a little pale; "and I advise Randall to pull up a little if he can."

"That's what I'm trying to do," said Harry, tugging at the reins with all his strength.

"Let me help you," said Jem, placing his hands on the reins just in front of where Randall held them. "Now let us pull together!"

"Saw the lines!" cried Dick.

It was all in vain. Tugging or sawing made no difference to "Old Bones," except to increase his speed. On, on, he rushed over the hollows, up and down the slight undulations in the road, until the carriage whirled and jumped so, that the boys expected it would either upset, or go to pieces every moment.

They were now fairly frightened. They were in danger and could do nothing, their fingers being fairly benumbed with their efforts at pulling the reins. Harry was very much alarmed, for besides the danger he was in, he carried a great burden on his heart. His father had forbidden him to use the horse in his absence. The guilt of disobedience, working with the fear of serious consequences, threw him into a

great fright. His heart beat violently, and his face was as pale as a corpse.

For more than four miles were the boys borne helplessly along by the infuriate horse. They had several narrow escapes from collisions with passing vehicles, but coming at length to a narrow part of the road, they met a cart heavily loaded with hay, and drawn by two yoke of oxen. The driver, seeing them approach, tried to give them the road. But his oxen moved slowly. "Old Bones" was almost flying; and when he came abreast of the hay-wagon, he sheered off toward the side of the road. Crash! went the carriage against a tree! Over it went, dashing the boys with violence to the ground or against the hay-cart. Young Duncan fell under the wheel of the cart; Jem Townsend was dashed against the hind wheel; Will White was entangled among the ruins of the carriage; Harry Randall, drawn forward by his hold upon the reins, had fallen upon a heap of stones just beyond the tree.

Fortunately, this sad accident occurred a rod or two from a road-side tavern. Its inmate ran

to the aid of the boys, and it was soon found that, with the exception of Young Duncan, none of them was seriously hurt. They were all badly bruised; but, alas for poor Dick! The wheel of the hay-cart had jammed his leg badly, and as they thought at first, broken it—and groaning with pain he was borne into the tavern, where he had to wait an hour or more for the arrival of a physician.

While he lay suffering on a bed in the tavern, the other boys, having had their bruises dressed and the dust brushed from their clothing, went out to examine the wreck of the carriage and to learn what had become of the horse.

“A regular smash up!” said Jem, ‘after a minute’s survey of the broken wheels and splintered bars of the carry-all; “there ain’t enough of it left whole to make a barber’s chair. I’ll be shot if it don’t put me in mind of that one-horse shay, built by the old deacon, in the poem that Ned Edwards recited at our exhibition last winter. If my head didn’t ache so, I could have a good laugh over it.”

“It’s well enough for you to talk about laugh-

ing," sobbed Randall. "The carriage wasn't yours. What will my father say! Oh dear! Oh dear!"

"Oh don't cry," said Will White soothingly; "the carriage was very old, you know, Harry, and it wasn't worth much, any how."

"Perhaps not, but it was all the carriage father owned, and I know he can't afford to get another," rejoined Randall. "And then, I'm afraid the horse will be hurt. Oh, sha'n't I catch it! My father'll whip me half to death."

"Here comes the men that went after Old Bones," said Jem; "let's hear where he brought up:" then turning to an ostler who had been in search of the horse, he asked, "What's the news about poor Old Bones?"

"If you mean your horse, he's dead!" replied the man.

"Dead!" cried Harry.

"Yes, dead," said the other: "the critter ran plump against the thill of a light cart which stood against the blacksmith's shop down yonder. The thill being propped up ran right into his body, and made a dead horse of him in no time."

“ Oh dear, what *will* my father say !” groaned Harry. “ He’ll *kill* me, I know he will. I wish I’d minded him, and not listened to your advice, Mr. Jem, then this would not have happened.”

Poor Harry ! he was suffering some of the pains and penalties of disobedience. Remorse, with its sharp teeth and vain regrets, was gnawing at his heart.

Fortunately for all parties, Esquire Duncan rode up at this juncture in his carriage. Seeing the boys standing over the ruined carry-all, he recognized them as belonging to Duncanville. He ordered old Pete to stop. A few inquiries put him in possession of all the facts, and taught him that his idle son was suffering in the tavern.

CHAPTER III.

STRAWBERRIES AND THWACKS.

"How long wilt thou sleep, O sluggard? when wilt thou arise out of thy sleep?"

Thus spoke Uncle Morris to Master Hugh Carlton, as, looking in at the door of that young gentleman's bed-chamber at eight o'clock, he tried to rouse him from his beloved bed.

"I'm coming, Uncle," said Hugh, yawning and rubbing his eyes.

"So is doomsday coming, you lazy boy," rejoined Mr. Morris; "but you must come quickly, or you will lose your breakfast, Sir."

This was the fourth time Hugh had been called. In fact, sleeping was about the only thing he persevered in. And now, after a while he sauntered into the breakfast-room, only to find it empty. The family had all breakfasted, and gone to their respective pursuits. A touch

of the bell brought in the servant, to whom he said, in a cross tone of voice—

“Bring me some coffee?”

When the servant returned with the coffee, Hugh asked for his brother and sister.

“They’re just gone out for a nice bit of a ride,” said the servant.

“Gone out!” exclaimed Hugh: “what, so early! Where are they gone?”

“To Coney Island,” replied the servant, “an yer mother and Uncle Morris are wid them.”

“Well! that’s fine, I declare. Gone to Coney Island without me! I wonder what that means;” and Hugh’s brow grew dark with an angry scowl.

“It’s yer good uncle’s doin’s, I’m afther thinkin’,” said the girl. “He’s for teachin’ ye that sleepin’ so late in the mornin’ is not best for sich a great boy as ye are. He told me to tell ye, that ye’d best be spadn’ the bit garden ye have, or it will soon be like the sluggard’s garden, all kivered wid thorns and nettles.”

“Get out with your nonsense,” said Hugh in

an angry voice, as he turned in very ill humor to his muffins and coffee.

The servant was right, Uncle Morris had planned this trip to Coney Island on purpose to give Hugh a practical lesson on the evils of late sleeping. The dear old man had made his arrangements the day before to start precisely at eight o'clock, but had said nothing about the matter until the family was seated at the breakfast-table; then in his blandest tones he said—

“What say you to a morning drive to Coney Island, Mrs. Carlton?”

“I should enjoy it very much, brother,” replied the lady.

“Can you be ready by eight o'clock?”

“Certainly, if you wish to start so early.”

“At eight o'clock precisely, then, we will start. There will also be seats for my little puss, and for you, Master Guy.”

“Oh, won't it be nice!” cried Jessie, her eyes sparkling with delight; “but won't you take Hugh too, Uncle?”

“If he is up and ready when we start he can

ride on the box with the coachman," replied Mr. Morris.

"Let me go and hurry him up," said Guy, half rising from his seat.

"Keep your seat, Guy!" said Mr. Carlton: "your uncle is for bringing Hugh under discipline, and I am glad of it."

"Three times," observed Uncle Morris, "have I called that sluggish boy this morning, since you left your chamber, Guy; and he is not up yet. Surely he will have no one to blame, if, after all this ado, he sleeps until we are gone, and loses his ride. I want him to feel the truth of the proverb which says, The soul of the sluggard desireth, and hath nothing."

While Mr. Morris was speaking, Jessie had slipped from her chair beside her mother, and was now standing close to her uncle's elbow. Gently passing an arm around his neck, she drew his head down to her lips and whispered in his ear—

"Please, Uncle Morris, do let Hugh go this time, and I will make haste and finish you a quilt, a pair of slippers, a cushion, and a watch-

pocket. I'll work so hard they will all soon be done. Please, do let him go!"

"Bribery, eh?" said Mr. Morris, kissing the cherry lips of his pretty little niece. "No, it won't do, Jessie; Uncle Morris can't be bought. He loves Hugh too well to let even his dear little puss persuade him from what is right. No, Jessie, unless Hugh comes down without further calling, and gets fairly ready in season to start with us, he must stay at home. It's for his good that it should be so."

Jessie's views of discipline were not mature enough to enable her to see things as wise old Uncle Morris saw them. She judged by her feelings only, and had yet to learn the hard lesson for children—that *feeling* is not always a safe guide. So, with a tear standing like a diamond in each eye, she returned to her mother's side, and burying her face in that lady's bosom, whispered—

"I'm so sorry for Hugh, mamma!"

Mrs. Carlton pressed her sweet and loving child tenderly to her heart, and was silent.

The carriage was at the door just as Uncle

Morris called Hugh for the fourth time, as already described. The old gentleman went directly from the chamber to the piazza. Mrs. Carlton, Guy, and Jessie were already seated. Mr. Morris stepped in. As the driver closed the door, he asked—

“Which way, Sir?”

“To Coney Island,” replied Uncle Morris, and the next moment the happy party were rolling swiftly round the lawn on their way to that little sand-heap which rejoices in the name of Coney Island, and which is attractive solely because of its position at the restless feet of the grand old ocean.

Poor Hugh felt vexed and lonely. He blamed Guy, and Jessie, and Uncle Morris, and everybody but himself. Once or twice, however, it did occur to him that the fault was his own, and that he was a lazy fellow, and ought to acquire better habits. But he was too ill-tempered to let such sensible views work their way very far into his mind. So, having finished his breakfast, in very bad humor he sauntered out into the garden.

"Weeds, weeds, nothing but weeds," muttered he, as he stood gazing on his garden patch, which, the reader should know, he had not dug half over. The weeds were thriving wonderfully on the part which was not dug; and that which had been dug looked rough and unsightly, for it had been badly spaded and had never been touched by the rake. Hugh looked at it, and sighed.

Close to it was Guy's patch, smooth and clean. Flowers were thriving finely along its borders, the seed-beds were beginning to look green, and it bore marks of the careful and diligent attention of its owner. Hugh gazed at it and sighed again.

Then, for a moment, the evil spirit of malice rose and spoke vile thoughts in the heart of the unhappy boy. "Tear up Guy's garden! Pull up his flowers! Trample on his smooth seed-beds!" Thus for a moment did the dark spirit of evil speak to the passions of the ill-humored lad. But it was only once, and for a moment. Hugh loved his brother, and he had a well-trained conscience. "What, injure Guy's gar-

den? Never!" said Love. "It would be wicked, don't lo it," whispered Conscience. "I won't do it!" cried Hugh firmly, and the evil spirit sunk down again into that dark corner in his soul which she had chosen for her abode.

After this conflict Hugh felt better. He *was* better. He had resisted and overcome a very bad feeling, and now, his better feelings being brought into activity, he began to think and act in the right direction. Seizing his spade, he said tō himself—

"Uncle Morris is right, I am a lazy fellow. Being left at home serves me just right; and now I'll go to work and make my garden look as nice as Guy's. See if I don't!"

At it he went—dig, dig, dig. Even Guy himself could not have done better. But before he had dug once along the length of the patch, he began to flag. A few minutes later, he stood with one foot resting on the spade, while he wiped the sweat from his brow with his handkerchief.

* "Oh my! what hard work digging is! Both-
eration! what a gump I was to ask for a gar-

den-patch! I guess they'll have to crown me with weeds instead of flowers next fall. Well, who cares? I am sure I was never made for hard work. Guess I'll rest a while on that seat yonder."

Down dropped the spade, as Hugh stepped away to his seat beneath the tree.

"This *is* better than digging—What! Walter Sherwood, is that you? How are you, my hearty?"

"First rate! What do you say to a stroll?" replied Walter, as he came up to where Hugh was seated.

"A stroll, eh? I'd like it first-rate if my garden-patch was done."

"Let the garden-patch go to, to—well, to weeds! What do you want with a garden-patch? Haven't you every thing growing round here, like grass in the land of Goshen, that heart could wish? Let the digging alone, and go with me. I know where there are some splendid strawberries,—the first of the season almost."

"Strawberries! what, *wild* ones?"

"Yes, lots of 'em. They are just beginning to get ripe. I got a half-pint of luscious ones yesterday morning."

"Well, I'm in for strawberries: our's ain't ripe yet, and my mouth waters at the thought of them. Let's be off."

And off they went. Poor Hugh's purpose had all wilted away under the combined influences of slight fatigue and the promise of a strawberry feast. Could he expect ever to possess a strong character, so long as he thus gave up to every little breeze which blew upon his purposes?

Walter guided Hugh to a field adjacent to the farm of Mr. Padwick. They found plenty of berries, but few of them were ripe. Yet they rambled over the lot, now finding a ripe berry or two, and then sitting down to talk. At last they reached a spot close to the fence dividing the field from Mr. Padwick's garden. Here they gleaned quite a handful apiece of very fine berries. Seating themselves against the fence, they ate their spoil, and chatted and laughed together in great glee.

After a while, Walter peeped through an opening in the board fence: turning half round, he exclaimed—

“Hang my boots, if there ain’t some strawberries in there that’s some pumpkins. Just look through this slit, Hugh! Aren’t they busters!”

“Perfectly splendid! why, they are as big as cherry apples. I wonder how they taste!”

“I’ll tell you directly,” replied Walter, throwing himself flat on his breast and pushing his arm through a small breach in the fence.

“Stop!” cried Hugh, “it’s stealing to take berries from a man’s garden.”

“Stealing be hanged!” retorted Walter, whose ideas respecting the eighth commandment were far from correct. “We don’t call it stealing in the country to help yourself to a little fruit from a neighbor’s garden.”

Hugh was silenced, but not convinced; because he knew that robbing a garden is just as wicked as robbing a parlor. Peeping through the slit, he watched Walter’s hand as it plucked berry after berry from the bed beyond. At last

he grew quite interested in his friend's proceedings, and said :

"A little to the right there's a buster. That's it; you've got him. Now, as far to the left as you can reach there's a bigger one yet, and he's as red as our rooster's comb. A little further. Your finger's on him. Good! Draw him out!"

Thwack! Thwack! Thwack! Thus suddenly fell the strokes of a raw hide upon the shoulders of the two boys, who quickly turned round crying—

"Oh, oh! don't. It hurts—don't!"

Vain were their cries, however, for several moments. Farmer Padwick and his hired man, armed with light raw hides stood over them, laying on the blows without pity. Mr. Padwick was quite cool, and when he and his man ceased striking, he said—

"It *hurts*, does it? That's just what I want it to do, so that ye may remember it the next time you set out to steal strawberries. Thieves, eh? I expect your fathers would thank me for this, if they knew how nicely I caught you. Will you come stealing my berries again, eh?"

"No, Sir," replied Hugh doggedly, "I won't."

I didn't think much about it, or I wouldn't have helped Walter take 'em now."

Walter, who had by this time gained his feet, made a dash past Hugh, and getting beyond the reach of the farmer's switch, shouted—

"You're a mean old codger to lick us. I'll tell all the boys in Duncanville about your berries, and I hope they'll steal 'em all, if *stealing* it be to eat a few as we have done to-day."

"Master Carlton," said Mr. Padwick, turning from Walter, "I am afraid your Mr. 'Didn't-think' will bring you into serious trouble one of these days, if you let him hold the reins for you. I acquit *you* of any intention to steal my berries. You may go now; but mark what I say—if your idle friend Walter sets the boys to robbing my strawberry beds, I shall hold him and you responsible, and shall send a bill for all I may lose to your fathers."

With this warning Mr. Padwick walked off, taking his man with him. The boys also left the field, earnestly discussing the honesty of taking berries from a garden without leave. Hugh said it was *stealing* and he wouldn't be

caught at it again. Walter finally admitted it was not exactly right, though he insisted it wasn't stealing. Nevertheless, he promised Hugh that, in view of their thrashing, he would not be mean enough to touch any man's fruit again without permission.

"It may be right not to do it for that reason," said Hugh; "but, mind, I believe it's *stealing*, and that's why I won't do it any more."

Doubtless Hugh took the correct view of the subject. It *is* stealing to take a berry, an apple, a melon, or any other thing, however small, without the consent of the owner.

The boys parted company at noon, and Hugh went home thinking how foolish he had been to let Walter coax him from his garden work into a mean scrape, which had cost him a smart whipping, and given Mr. Padwick occasion to regard him as a petty thief.

Very different were the thoughts and feelings of Guy and Jessie, on their return at noon from their morning's ride. They brought home rosy cheeks and merry hearts, for they had been taking pleasure without quitting the path of duty.

There was quite a stir among the members of the archery club that afternoon, when it was found that Richard Duncan did not make his appearance with the rest, at two o'clock, at Jessie's Bower.

"Where is our bold chief to-day?" asked Friar Tuck, looking at George a Green for information.

"Don't know. Haven't seen him to-day. Guess he don't want to hear old Rollin read. He'll be here by four o'clock, I'll be bound," replied Walter.

This suggestion seemed to satisfy the boys. Guy began reading, and soon had as interested a group of listeners as ever gave attention to an orator. The military adventures of the great Alexander charmed their imaginations, and when four o'clock arrived, they cried out, as with one voice—

"Go on, Guy! Don't stop just there. Let us know how he came out of that fight."

"No," replied Guy, "I'll go on to-morrow at two o'clock. Now is the time for sport. Let us take our weapons and try our skill with the bow."

"Where *can* Dick Duncan be?" inquired Norman Butler. "S'pose you run down to his house and see, Friar Tuck," said Walter, "while we set up the target."

"Don't care if I do," replied Norman.

But before the Friar could get out of the glen, Jessie Carlton came running up to Guy, very much excited.

"Why, Jessie, what's the matter?" said he, catching her in his arms and seating her upon his knee.

"O Guy, poor Richard Duncan is hurt. A horse ran away with him. His father has just brought him home on some pillows, and has sent word to say that Richard wants to see you soon."

Uncle Morris now entered the glen, and gave a further account of the running away of "Old Bones." He concluded by saying—

"Richard's knee is badly sprained and bruised. He wishes to see you, Guy. Perhaps you had better run down at once, while I and Jessie and the boys try our skill at archery."

"I'll go," said Guy, and he started on the run

for Esquire Duncan's house. The other boys remained until nearly dark. Uncle Morris gave them many new ideas about holding their bows, drawing the bowstring, and other mysteries of archer craft. While he instructed them, he also said many amusing things. They were all delighted with him. When they broke up, they all declared Uncle Morris to be the funniest and best old gentleman, and Jessie the merriest little maiden, in Duncanville.

CHAPTER IV.

A TALK ABOUT DICK DUNCAN.

GUY found his unlucky friend lying on a bed, suffering severe pain from the sprain in his knee.

"I'm sorry to find you in trouble, but glad things are no worse than they are," said Guy, passing his hand tenderly over Dick's brow.

"Thank you," replied Dick. "I've sent for you to ask you to tell your Uncle Morris that he needn't put faith in me any longer. It's no use for me to try to say 'no' to what he calls the spirit of mischief. I thought I would try it this morning, but, before I had done thinking, something told me it would be good fun to put a board on the top of the kitchen chimney; and I did it. Then Jem Townsend came along, and said it would be good fun to go with Harry Randall to the city; and, though I knew my

father had told me never to play with Jem again, yet I couldn't help saying 'yes.' So I went and got into this scrape. So you see, it's no use for *me* to try to give up my old ways."

"I don't see any such thing," rejoined Guy; "trying will accomplish any thing that is not actually impossible, and I am very sure it's not impossible for a boy to conquer his faults. Thousands of boys have overcome bad habits, and, as Corporal Try says, 'what boys have done, boys can do again.' So cheer up, Richard! Try, and *try again*; never give up until you have won the victory over this spirit of mischief."

"That is sensible talk, Master Carlton," said Esquire Duncan, who was seated in his arm-chair, near the window; "but faults of character are not to be overcome by merely resolving and toiling, like doing a difficult sum, or drilling a hard rock. Do you know that, my lad?"

"I know, Sir, that we must ask God to help us conquer ourselves, or else trying won't amount to much," replied Guy, with great seriousness.

"Right, right, my lad," said the Squire,

smiling very complacently on Guy. "If you can persuade my boy to try in that way, you may make something of him; otherwise, I fear he will come to an evil end."

Here the Squire turned partly round and resumed his reading. He was a tall portly gentleman, with a long full face, a large Roman nose, dark piercing eyes, deeply buried beneath a broad beetling brow, which was surmounted by a luxuriant growth of dark hair, slightly sprinkled with gray. Altogether, he was a very dignified man, with a slight haughtiness in his manner, which kept even his own family at a distance. Guy thought better of him, after hearing his last remark, than he had done before.

The two boys talked together a while longer, and when Guy left, Dick had promised to keep up the war on his great fault; and he had made Guy pledge himself to come in every day and read to him from his favorite Rollin, or some other equally interesting book.

In the evening Guy gave an account of this interview to his Uncle Morris. After hearing

him through, that good old gentleman gave him one of his sweetest smiles, and said—

“Bravo, my boy-conqueror! you have begun the conquest of that lover of mischief; and I have no doubt you will complete it in the course of time. Only persevere wisely, and you cannot very well fail.”

“You puzzle me, Uncle,” replied Guy, gazing vacantly upon the floor. Then looking up into his uncle’s face, he added: “I don’t see what I have done as yet. Only yesterday he promised to resist the spirit of mischief; and this morning he was just as full of his tricks as ever; he even went off with Idle Jem, in direct opposition to his father’s wishes. I really don’t see what I have done.”

“What do you suppose led Richard to send for you this afternoon?”

“I don’t know,” said Guy, “unless it was because he felt that he owed you an apology, and wanted to make it through me.”

“And does not that very wish to apologize to me, prove that he feels ashamed of his conduct?”

"I suppose it does, Sir."

"And is not that *shame* a proof that he is taking new and better views of his long cherished evil habit?" Shame, you know, is to reformation what the bud is to the fruit."

"Well, I hope it may prove to be so with Richard," said Guy, sighing. "I urged him to try again, but really, I have not much hope in my heart. When he gets well, I am afraid he will be just what he always has been."

"My dear Guy, your heart is too faint to win you much glory in this great battle for the conquest of a precious but spoiled boy. You must have more courage. You have gained his respect, and, probably, a little of his love, or he would not have sent for you to-day, or desired your company during his confinement at home. This gain is itself a victory. Only use your influence over him patiently, and you will save him from a habit, which, if not speedily cured, will probably make him a curse to society."

Guy's heart beat quickly, as the thought of saving such a boy as Richard Duncan from an evil fate, again filled his imagination. He saw

something grand in the bare purpose to attempt such a conquest. The idea inspired him, and with a heaving breast and flashing eyes he said—

“Uncle Morris, I will try with all my heart to break Richard Duncan of his bad habits.”

“Nobly spoken, Guy! Corporal Try himself could not give utterance to a loftier purpose,” said Uncle Morris, taking Guy by the hand, and gazing upon him with a look of admiration which sent a thrill of gladness through his young heart.

“I don’t wish to throw a wet blanket over the warm feelings your uncle has waked within you, my son,” said Mr. Carlton, who had been a quiet listener up to this moment; “for I, too, have faith in your success. But I want you to prepare yourself for a long, or at least a hard conflict. I very much misread the character of Richard Duncan, if his mischievous habits do not spring from other and worse roots than mere mirthfulness.”

“No doubt,” rejoined Mr. Morris, “Richard Duncan is wicked and selfish in the indulgence of his mirthfulness. He will lie, disobey his

parents, be cruel to animals, and, in short, he will do almost any thing for what he calls fun. But since I have learned that his fond mother had always indulged and petted him, and that his somewhat cold and frigid father has shut him from his heart by sternness and partial neglect, I incline to think that Richard only needs the spur of noble sentiments, and the influence of right principles, to restrain his love of fun within due limits. Guy will teach him these principles. Prayer, and the blessing of Heaven upon the spoiled lad, will do the rest."

"Hope on, hope ever, will, however, be a good motto for Guy," said Mr. Carlton. "May he succeed! Though, I suppose, Master Duncan will always be given to fun. It is in his nature to perceive the laughable side of things, and the most we can expect is to make his mirthfulness harmless to others."

"And *innocent*," added Uncle Morris.

"Please, Uncle, give me an example of *innocent* mirthfulness?" asked Guy.

"I read once," said Uncle Morris, "of a minister who was reading a sermon to his people.

from a manuscript sewed together so as to make a little book. A tame raven strayed into the church, and, mounting the pulpit, seized the sermon in his bill and tried to carry it off. The astonished minister grasped his precious book: the bird pulled and cawed—the preacher tugged and scolded. For a long time the victory hung in an even scale, but, after a severe struggle, the sermon was rescued and the bird beaten off, amidst roars of laughter from the congregation.”

Guy and his father laughed heartily at the awkward predicament of the minister:

“There, Guy!” said Uncle Morris, “I have excited your mirth by relating a *fact* which is as funny as it is true. In doing so I have given you the example you desired. Had I made you laugh by telling you a *fiction* as truth, or by the use of irreverent or other wicked words, your mirth would not have been *innocent*.”

“Now let me give you an anecdote from the life of that mirthful minister, DEAN SWIFT,” said Mr. Carlton. “The Dean was once visited by his printer, who had just returned from Lon-

don, dressed in a laced waistcoat, a bag wig, and other foppish gewgaws of that day. 'I thought it my duty to wait on you, Sir,' said the printer bowing.

" 'Who are you, Sir?' replied the Dean, affecting not to know his visitor.

" 'George Faulkner, the printer, sir.'

" 'George Faulkner! *You* George Faulkner, the printer! why, you are the most impudent impostor I ever met with. George Faulkner is a plain, sober citizen, and would never trick himself out in such fopperies as you have on. Get you gone, Sir! or I will send you to the house of correction.'

" Away went the printer as fast as his legs could carry him. Having changed his dress, he returned to the Dean, who received him with the greatest cordiality, saying—

" 'My dear George, I am glad to see you returned safe from London. Why, there was an impudent fellow here just now dressed in a lace waistcoat, and he tried to pass himself off for you, but I sent him away with a flea in his ear!'

Guy laughed heartily at this story, and so did Uncle Morris. When they stopped laughing, Mr. Carlton said—

“Now, Guy, tell me if *you* think that an example of *innocent* mirthfulness.”

“Yes, Sir, the thing is true, I suppose, and there is nothing wrong in your way of telling it.”

“There is no doubt about the innocency of our mirth over it, but do you think Dean Swift did right?”

“I should think he did, Sir. It was a hard joke on the printer, but it made him throw away his idle finery. He probably never forgot that lesson.”

“So far the Dean was right, my son; but did he not *lie* in pretending not to know the printer in his foppish dress?”

“I didn’t think of that,” said Guy; “but he did, certainly, and that was wrong of course.”

“Yes,” remarked Uncle Morris, “that was mirth of which the wise man said, ‘the end of that mirth is heaviness.’ And mirthful people are always in great danger of doing wrong in

their fun. There is, for example, a case in the boy-life of BENJAMIN R. HAYDON, the great painter. When he was a boy he had a teacher named DR. BIDLAKE, who was a very odd, absent-minded man. One day he sent Haydon's chum to cut off a skirt of his old coat, to be used for cleaning his palette. The young rogue cut off the skirt of his best coat, and on Sunday, when the Doctor pulled off his great-coat in the vestry, previous to going into the pulpit, the sexton cried—

“‘Dear me, Sir, somebody has cut off the skirt of your coat!’

“Doubtless this was fine fun for Dr. Bidlake's pupils, but it was almost equal to robbery to spoil his coat. Of such fun it may be said, ‘it is mad,’ and of such mirth, ‘what doeth it but injury to the character of those who make it, and wrong to those who suffer by it?’”

“That's the trouble with Dick Duncan,” said Guy. “In trying to make fun he never stops to think whether the means he uses are right or wrong. In fact, he does not seem to care.”

"And it is your business," said Uncle Morris, rising from his seat, "to make him care, by teaching him that to be right, true, noble, and manly is better than to be funny.

It is good to be merry and wise,
It is good to be faithful and true.

Now the proverb says, 'Sow hemp-seed and nettles will die;' and so, if you sow good seed in Dick's heart, his faults will die. But don't forget to ask the blessing of the Good Being on your efforts. Good-night, my dear boy! Early to bed and early to rise, you know, makes one healthy, wealthy, and wise. Good-night."

"Good-night, Uncle," replied Guy.

"Where is Hugh this evening?" inquired Mr. Carlton, after Uncle Morris had retired; "I have not seen him since tea."

"I don't know, Sir," said Guy. "Perhaps he is in the kitchen. I'll see."

Hugh was not in the kitchen, but one of the servants said he had gone out at dark, on hearing a low whistle.

This was a breach of an established family law at Mr. Carlton's, who was wont to say that the road to prison begins at that corner of the street where idle boys do meet to waste their evenings in wicked talk. Taking out his watch, he looked at it, and said—

“Five minutes to ten, and that boy out spinning street-yarn. It rains too. That boy troubles me sadly. It makes my heart ache to think of his future.”

“Here he comes, pa,” said Guy; “I hear him at the door.”

“Go, my son, and bring him in here.”

Hugh entered the room a moment or two later. His hands were in his pockets, his eyes fixed steadily on the floor, and his head bowed.

“Where have you been, Sir, until this late hour?” asked his father sternly.

“To see Richard Duncan, Sir.”

“You have been gone two hours; were you at Richard's all this time?”

“No, Sir.”

“Where else have you been?”

“At Harry Randall's, Sir.”

"And where else?"

"No—nowhere—at least, nowhere in particular."

"Tell me the whole truth, Sir. Where else have you been?" Hugh's hesitancy had made his father suspicious.

"We only stopped to see the blacksmith work at his forge a little while, Sir. He was very late at his shop to-night."

Mr. Carlton looked searchingly for a few moments at his thoughtless son, as if he were trying to read the secrets of his heart. At last he sighed, turned away, and said—

"Go to bed, Sir. I will consider how to punish you. For the present, I leave you to reflect on the thought that your conduct gives me great pain. You are as a thorn in my flesh. Away to bed!"

Hugh hurried from the room scowling. He had deceived his father!

CHAPTER V.

AN UNHAPPY EVENING.

THE low whistle which had called Hugh to the door that evening, came from the lips of Walter Sherwood. When Hugh slipped out to see who called, Walter said in a low voice—

“Get your cap, Hugh.”

“I mustn’t: pa won’t let me go out after dark.”

“What nonsense!” said Walter; “come, get your cap and just slip over to Dick’s with me. We shall be back in ten minutes.”

Hugh hesitated, and was on the point of saying “No,” when Walter added—

“Your pa won’t miss you for ten minutes, and Dick wants to see us ever so bad. Come, Hugh, do slip in and get your cap, there’s a good fellow!”

“Well, if you will be sure to come right back, I will,” replied Hugh, feeling that he was doing wrong to consent. It was poor Hugh’s misfor-

tune not to have learned to say "No," when enticed to do wrong.

With the stealthy tread of a cat the guilty boy crept into the hall, and took his cap from the hat-stand. Then slipping out again, he pulled the door softly after him, and a minute later was running along the road, with his companion, in the direction of Richard Duncan's house.

That boy was glad to see them. He was lying on the bed, suffering from the sprain in his knee, which he could not move without a thrill of pain. But his father being in the room, he spoke with restraint to his visitors. After sitting a few minutes they rose to go, when Richard beckoned Walter to bend his head over that he might whisper in his ear. He did so, and in a very low voice Richard said—

"I want you to run down to Harry Randall's, and tell him I'll try to coax my father to give his father another horse in place of Old Bones. Will you go?"

"Yes, I'll go."

"Right off?"

"Yes, right off."

"Well, good-night, boys," said Richard speaking aloud; "come and see a poor fellow as often as you can."

The two boys promised, wished him and his father "good-night," and left the house.

"Now I must hurry home in less than no time," said Hugh, "else I shall catch monkey's allowance,—which means, more kicks than pennies."

"Don't be in such hot haste," replied Walter: "Dick wants us to run down to Harry Randall's with the good news that his governor will give his father another horse in place of Old Bones."

"We will tell him to-morrow," rejoined Hugh: "I must go home, or I shall catch what's worse than our whipping to-day—a regular built lecture from my father, with, perhaps, a sound thrashing to boot."

"Well, that's just like you, master Hugh, always thinking about yourself and caring for nobody else. Now there's poor Harry fretting himself to death, I'll be bound, about Old Bones, and it would be really kind in us to go and comfort him with Dick's message."

Hugh stood looking at Walter through the gloom with a puzzled look. He felt that he *ought* to go home, and he also felt that it would be a kind deed to relieve Harry Randall's mind. It would be pleasant too, he thought, to run all through the village street; and that thought decided him. So, taking hold of the corner of Walter's jacket, he tugged it and said—

“Come then, let us start at once; and we must go it like two steamboats, for I *must* be home before nine o'clock, any how.”

“O Hugh! Hugh! how easy it is to keep doing wrong after you have taken the first step!” whispered a voice in his heart.

Heedless of this friendly whisper, Hugh started on the run with Walter. They soon reached Harry's house. The poor boy was at home. He came to the door with red eyes, and a long, pale, sad face. He was, in fact, almost sick through fear of his father's anger, when he should return and be told of the events and losses of the day.

“He will half kill me, I know he will,” said Harry, speaking of his father's return. “But

that ain't the worst of it. Without the old horse he won't be able to carry his garden-stuff to the city market this summer, and I know he depends on the sale of his strawberries, and peas, and early potatoes for money to pay his rent with. Oh dear! oh dear! how I shall catch it! What shall I do?"

The boys did the best they could to comfort poor Harry with Dick's message, and then left him.

"Now for Glen Morris Cottage in five minutes," cried Hugh, whose mind was haunted by the image of his father.

"Away then!" shouted Walter in reply, "and I'll bet you my best arrow that I get there first."

"Uncle Morris says it's wrong to bet, because betting is gambling; but I'll race with you just to see who'll beat," said Hugh.

"As you please," replied Walter, "and here's off."

Away they ran along the village street, with the speed of hunted rabbits. Pretty well matched too they seemed, for they kept abreast half way

up the street. But then, as Master Hugh's evil genius would have it, just as they were passing a large, well-lighted grocery, Jem Townsend met them. Spreading out his arms, so as to stop them both, he said—

“Halloo, boys! Yer a racin' it as Randall's Old Bones did to-day, when he pitched me, and Dick Duncan, and Harry, and Will into a stone heap. Come, bring up, and give account of yerselves!”

“Can't stop!” said Hugh, trying to escape the embrace of Jem's arms, which half encircled him. “Let me go! I'm in a hurry to get home.”

“Shouldn't wonder! Yer mother don't know yer out, I dare say,” replied Jem in a sneering tone.

“Well, s'pose she don't, what's that to you? Let me go, I tell you,” said Hugh, struggling again to escape from the grasp of his tormentor.

“Don't be mad, little gentleman,” rejoined Jem, softening his voice, “I won't hurt you. I want a better acquaintance with you, that's all. Come, I'll stand treat. Here's some first-rate cigars.”

Idle Jem pulled out a bunch of cheap cigars, and offered them to the boys. Walter took one, saying—

“You are what I call a good fellow, Jem.”

Hugh refused, saying, “I don’t smoke.”

“Don’t smoke, eh? Tied to mother’s apron-string, I dare say,” said Jem, laughing scornfully at the blushing Hugh.

“I think it’s about time you learned to smoke, Hugh,” said Walter. “Nearly all the boys of your age in Duncanville can. I think it’s real childish not to be able to smoke if you want to.”

Hugh had been often warned by his father against learning to use tobacco. He knew it to be a filthy poison, and that its use tended to injure the health, to empty the purse, to excite a craving for strong drink, and to lead a boy into bad company. He felt that his father, his mother, and *his* Uncle Morris would all be deeply grieved. Yet, in spite of all this, he longed to acquire the power of smoking a cigar. For a long time he had looked with envy on every boy he had seen with a cigar in his mouth. It was a foolish, not to say a wicked feeling, and

it was now about to bring forth some of its evil fruit. Yielding to it, he replied to Walter—

“Well, I don’t care if I do take a whiff or two, just by way of making a beginning, you know.”

“Bravo! you talk like a reg’lar brick now, Hugh,” cried Idle Jem, who was never better pleased than when he was leading others into his own evil ways. Then, after fumbling vainly in his vest pockets, in search of a match, he added: “I haven’t a single brimstone stick left. Let us go to old Hardfist’s shop, yonder, and get a light.”

The boys now moved rapidly up the village street. The blacksmith was working very late that night, and the fire on his forge threw a strange glare over the roads which crossed each other near his shop, that stood just beyond the village. Jem went into the shop, and, stepping up to the forge very coolly, lighted a piece of paper and applied it to his cigar. Puffing the smoke from his mouth, he said—

“Dark night this, Mr. Hardfist. Goin’ to rain, I guess, afore mornin’.”

“Very likely,” replied the blacksmith, as he

laid aside the bar of iron from which he had been forging horse-shoes,—“very likely, and I’m thinking it’s high time such birds as you were at roost. Street-yarn, spun at night, makes strands for gallows ropes—mind that, young man!”

“You mind your horse-shoes, and leave the street-yarn to me,” said the impertinent boy as he left the shop.

“What a grumpy old curmudgeon that is!” he exclaimed, when he rejoined the boys, who were seated on the edge of the water-trough which stood under the pump, in the centre of the four cross-roads. “Never mind: I’ve got a light, and now, boys, light your cigars and puff away!”

Hugh lighted his cigar and began to puff, puff, puff, in the most approved style, feeling very grand. He could hardly believe that he, Hugh Carlton, was really smoking like a man. But, alas for his vanity! it soon broke into the worst kind of sickness he had ever felt. His head, his stomach, his legs, his whole system uttered a terrible protest against the poison which he was drawing into his mouth. His

head swam, a cold sweat covered his skin, nausea seized his stomach, and he became deadly sick. This protest of his body was a lesson from its Creator, teaching him, as it teaches all when they begin to use it, that *tobacco is a poison, and was not made to be taken into the human body in any form.*

"How do you like it?" inquired Walter, just as Hugh began to feel his head swim.

"I guess I shall like it after I get used to it," said Hugh faintly.

"Like it! to be sure you will," observed Jem. "It may make yer a little sick while yer a breakin' in, but yer will smoke like a furnace, and love it better than yer do new milk, one of these days, as sure as my name's Jem."

"Oh! oh! oh! I'm so sick," said Hugh, in a very faint tone of voice, shuddering, and dropping his cigar as he spoke.

"Get up and walk a little: you will soon feel better," said Walter, hardly knowing what advice to give.

Hugh rose from the edge of the trough and tried to walk. He might as well have tried to

fly. The earth seemed to be gliding from beneath his feet. He could not tell whether he was on his head or his heels. Stretching out his arms, as if grasping for support, he reeled and fell to the ground.

"Sick boy, eh! Guess you'd better take him home," said Jem to Walter, as he walked off.

"I say, Jem, don't leave a fellow in this scrape," said Walter, looking after Jem's retreating form, while he stooped down and grasped the collar of his prostrate friend.

Idle Jem was one of those hardened lads, who care for little besides their own pleasure. It had pleased him to get the company of the two boys and to entice a "green un," as he called Hugh, into one of his own evil ways. But helping his poor victim was another matter. He had no heart to do that. So, in spite of Walter's cries, he strode back to the village grocery.

"Hugh, my good fellow, stand up!" said Walter, when he found Jem was really gone.

Hugh groaned and whispered, "Oh dear, how sick I feel!" but he made no effort to rise.

"Stand up, Hugh! you'll feel better if you

do. You'll get cold if you lie here, for it's coming on to rain. Do get up?" and Walter shook and pulled his friend until he succeeded in getting him into a sitting posture again.

"What's going on here?" said a heavy voice that made Walter start.

It was the blacksmith. Having shut up his shop and started for home, he had heard Walter's call to Jem. Wondering what could be the matter, he walked over to the green, where he found the boys as already described. A few questions to Walter put him in possession of all the facts.

"Sarves him right," said the plain-spoken old man. "Hope he's got a lesson that'll stick to his memory, and teach him to let tobacco alone. 'Tain't good for nothing, but to kill varmint on the cattle."

He then lifted Hugh to his feet, took him to the water-trough, and told Walter to bathe his forehead with water. After this the tobacco-sick boy began to feel better. The kind smith led him a few turns up and down the road, and in about half an hour or so the sickness left

him, and Hugh began to feel like himself again. Then Mr. Hardfist said—

“Go home now, my boy, and take an old man’s advice, never touch tobacco again in any shape so long as you live.”

“Thank you, Sir; I shall not want to. The bare thought of it makes me sick,” said Hugh.

It was now raining quite smartly. But Walter insisted on seeing Hugh nearly home. How he was received there, and how he deceived his father, has already been related.

Fortunately for Hugh, his deceit was discovered the next day, for the good old blacksmith told Uncle Morris about the affair at the water-trough. He also gave Idle Jem such a character that Mr. Morris’s fears for Hugh’s safety were very strongly roused. He knew that there is no evil influence so dangerous as that of a really wicked companion.

With a grieved spirit Uncle Morris returned to Glen Morris Cottage from his chat with the smith, and taking Hugh into the library had a long grave talk with him, which completely broke him down into contrition. He confessed

all, promised every thing, and, on his father's return in the evening, frankly told the whole story of his evil doings and pledged himself to be a better boy.

"I believe you are sincere, my son," said Mr. Carlton, "and I will expect and pray for your future obedience. But that you may feel your offence, and have time for reflection, I must inflict a light punishment on you."

Hugh cast an imploring look at his father and was silent; but little Jessië, who had entered the room in time to hear her father speak of punishment, darted to his side, and looking into his face with a beseeching glance, said—

"You won't whip poor Hugh, will you, pa?"

Mr. Carlton stooped, kissed her cherry lips, smoothed her hair, and replied—

"No, dear, I'll not whip him, but I forbid him to leave Glen Morris, without permission from me or Uncle Morris, until the summer term of the High School begins, which will be in ten or fifteen days."

Hugh held down his head. His father went on: "And I want you, my son, to pledge your

honor never to associate with James Townsend again. What do you say, Hugh?"

"I give you my pledge, Sir."

Whether Hugh kept his pledge or not, and whether his purposes to be a better boy had backbone in them or not, will appear hereafter. For the present we must attend to the doings of our bruised hero, Richard Duncan.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SILVER PITCHER.

DURING young Duncan's confinement to his room, Guy was his daily visitor. So pleased was he with Guy's reading, and with his lively, sensible talk, that he regarded the time of his visit as the brightest spot in the day. What was still better, he began to give attention to reading himself. To the surprise of everybody he one day said to his father—

“Pa, I wish you would get me Rollin's Ancient History.”

“What for, my son? to look at, eh?”

“No, Sir, I want to read it through: I've heard Guy read a part of it, and I want to read the whole.”

“Well, my boy, if you will promise to read it through steadily, I'll get it,” said Mr. Duncan, pleased to witness his son's eagerness to read the

book, but doubtful, withal, as to how long his new-born love of reading would last.

"I'll read some in it every day, father, until I finish it," said Dick; and then he added, as a slight blush tinged his cheek, "I mean to leave off my tricks, and do what Guy Carlton does, pa."

"I hope you will, my dear boy," replied Mr. Duncan, in mild and gentle tones. "You would lift a heavy load of anxiety in your behalf from my heart, if you would become as good a boy as I have reason to believe your friend Guy Carlton is."

"I mean to try, Sir," said Richard, with deep feeling, as he gazed into the now tearful eyes of his father.

"May our great Father in heaven help you, my son! And he will; for he always helps those who try to help themselves, trusting in him."

Mr. Duncan had taken his son's hand while making these remarks. He now kissed him very tenderly and went out.

"I declare, I didn't think my father loved me

so well," mused Richard; "but he actually cried, with joy I suppose, just because I promised to give up some of my old tricks. And he said he was anxious about me too. Yes, he said he had a *heavy load of anxiety on his heart*—those were his very words. Well, I don't wonder, for I have been rather a troublesome customer to him; that's—a—fact—I have, and no mistake. And what's the good of all my pranks? I've got a bad name; that's a fact, number one. Everybody calls me 'mischievous Dick.' Then I get others into bad scrapes, poor Hugh for example. And what is still worse, I let those low fellows, Jem Townsend and Will White, draw me into their ways. They drink beer, smoke cigars, swear, gamble, and I'm a little suspicious that Master Jem steals when he gets a fair chance. Now, what will all this come to in the end? Say, Master Richard Duncan, what's to be the end of this? If you keep their company, you will soon be as low and bad as they are; you will travel their road, and where will that lead to? As to Will White, I don't know; but if I was a prophet, I'd predict

that Jem's on the road to State's Prison. Do you want to go to that place, Richard Duncan? No, *Sir!* I mean to be a gentleman. Very good! But gentlemen are not made out of boys who acquire bad habits, and who associate with candidates for the jail. That's *so*. Very good again. Therefore, from henceforth, you, Richard Duncan, must cast Idle Jem's acquaintance square off; and Will White's too, unless he reforms. Very good: I'll do it, as sure as my name is Richard Duncan!"

Thus did better feelings and better purposes spring up in Richard's heart. They gathered strength, as day by day he read and talked with Guy. He had many a struggle with his love of mischief, which often suggested little petty tricks on his friends, visitors, and attendants; but he resisted bravely. Once only during his week's confinement to the house, did he give way to the evil spirit within him, and that was on this wise.

He was pasting sundry humorous pictures into a scrap-book, one day, when Guy called. Among them was a portrait of Punch. He had

covered its back with mucilage before Guy came in, and had laid it on the back of a chair, upon which Guy, without noticing the picture, sat down.

"How queer he would look with Punch on his back!" thought he, and the next moment, while he was making some funny remark, to divert his friend's attention, he passed his hand behind Guy, and gently transferred Mr. Punch from the chair-back to his jacket.

It is true that he felt sundry painful twinges in his conscience for this very ungenerous treatment of Guy. Once or twice, he was on the point of confessing what he had done. But his sense of the ludicrous prevailed, and when Guy went home, he carried the jolly face of Punch sticking between his shoulders.

"O Uncle Morris! see what a funny picture there is on Guy's back!" cried Jessie, as her brother passed her in the parlor.

"What!" exclaimed Guy, passing his hand over his back.

"Some of Richard Duncan's nonsense, I suppose," replied Uncle Morris.

"What is it, Uncle?"

"Oh, a picture of Punch pasted on your back, that's all."

"Richard's been at his old tricks again," said Guy, pulling off his jacket.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Guy, as he gazed on the picture. Then growing grave again, he said, with a little ill-humor in his tone: "Richard has been so sober and good lately, that I began to have some hope of him. But it's no use, I see. It's impossible for me to make any thing of him."

"Tut, tut, tut! Impossible is the adjective of fools, as Napoleon said. How can you expect the habit of his life to let go its hold of him in a day? If you were helping him up a slippery hill, would you give him up because his foot slipped now and then? Not you. Be patient then with his great fault, my dear Guy. Clean the picture from your jacket, and say nothing about it, only be just as kind as ever. I'll wager a strawberry leaf, that he'll beg your pardon the first time he sees you."

"I believe I *am* a little too testy about a tri-

fle," said Guy, brightening up, as he began to pick Mr. Punch from his coat.

"Here is a note for Master Guy," said a servant, looking in at the door, a few minutes later, and presenting a note on a small salver.

"From Richard, or I'll forfeit two hairs from my beard," observed Uncle Morris.

"You haven't got any beard, Uncle Morris, only a little wee bit of a whisker, just in front of your ear," said Jessie, with one of her merry laughs.

"Yes, from Richard," Guy replied. "Let me read it." Guy read as follows:—

"DEAR GUY,—I am ashamed of myself. That old spirit of mischief, which clings to me, like the old man in the story of Sinbad the Sailor, made me stick a picture of Mr. Punch on your jacket just now, while you were in the act of being so kind as to visit me. I was sorry directly I did it, but I was so tickled with the idea of how your little Jessie and Hugh would laugh, that I couldn't bring myself to take it off or to tell you what I had done. But directly

you were gone, I felt so mean and guilty, that I couldn't rest until I had written this note. I do hope you will forgive a fellow this time, and try me again. Please tell your Uncle Morris to put faith in me a little longer, for I do really mean to try to be clever and good like you.

"I am yours, etc. RICHARD DUNCAN."

"There it is, Guy," said Mr. Morris smiling, "just as I told you. That boy will be yours yet, if you don't lose your temper, and if you keep trying. Bravo, my boy-conqueror!"

"Forgive me, Uncle," rejoined Guy, "I was too hasty. Depend upon it, I'll stick to Richard like the old man in Sinbad he speaks of, only for a nobler purpose."

And he did cleave to the hopeful but merry-hearted boy, who was soon able to hobble about the house and grounds, aided by a stick. A few days later, Guy showed his kindness by engaging the archery club to rig up a chair with evergreens, and to fit it with long arms like a sedan-chair, and to go with it in a body to Richard's house.

The club found Richard sitting on the step of the piazza, busy with his own copy of Rollin. The lively chat of the boys as they went up the lawn roused him, and throwing his book with a jerk through the open door into the hall, he exclaimed—

“Halloo! what now? Going to ride a fellow on a rail, eh?”

“Most noble Robin Hood! Prince of archers! We your merry men all have come to pay you our respects and to bear you, as on a royal seat, to our chosen retreat. Suffer us to place you on your sylvan throne!”

This speech by Guy, or, to use his archery name, Little John, was responded to by three loud huzzas from the rest of the boys. Then amidst shouts of joyous laughter, they lifted Richard into the chair, bore him to the glen, and helped him to a seat in Jessie’s bower.

During Richard’s confinement to the house, the boys had met every fair afternoon for practice. He was surprised to witness their increased skill, and deeply regretted that ill-advised trip with Idle Jem, which had led to

the mishap by which he had been kept from his share in this most noble and healthy sport.

After watching his merry men awhile, he insisted on trying his own skill. Aided by Friar Tuck (Norman Butler), he limped to the line, and bending his bow, sped his arrow towards the target. Of course he was wide of the mark, though each succeeding arrow hit nearer the centre than the one that went before it. At length, having shot the last arrow from his quiver, he limped back to his seat, leaning on the friar's shoulder.

"Lieutenant! blow a blast on your horn, and call my men together," said he.

Little John obeyed, and the young archers gathered round their chief, who said—

"Listen, boys, to what I have to say. When you formed this archery club you made me your chief; at least, Guy Carlton did, for it was he who managed that matter. Now I shall not stand this any longer. I'm not fit to be your chief. I'm not the best shot. I'm not the best boy. I'm only an idle fellow, that's done you all more hurt than good. I resign my office—"

"No, no!" "You mustn't do it!" "We won't let you!" shouted the boys.

"Ah, but you *must*, for I won't act the part of Robin Hood any longer. If you won't let me resign, I'll quit the club."

"Oh no, don't." "We'll accept your resignation then!" "We can't spare you!" shouted the boys in great confusion. When they grew a little more quiet, Richard went on—

"The proper boy to be your chief is Guy Carlton. He is a noble fellow. I didn't like him when he first came here, but I do now. I'm proud to call him my friend (here Richard brushed away a tear with the cuff of his jacket). He is the best shot, and the best boy among us. I nominate him to be our chief—the Robin Hood of this archery club. Let all who favor this nomination say, aye."

"Aye," shouted the boys,—all but Guy, who stoutly said, "No." "The *ayes* have it," cried Richard; "and now let us give three cheers for our brave captain, Guy Carlton, the bold Robin Hood of Glen Morris!"

"Huzza! Huzza! Huzza!" shouted the

archers, as Richard threw his cap into the air. Guy, seeing the boys to be all of one mind, modestly accepted his new honor in a neat speech, which he closed by saying—

“And now I appoint my dear friend, Richard Duncan, to be my lieutenant: three cheers for Lieutenant Little John!”

Again the glen echoed to the loud huzzas of the boys, who now prepared to convey Richard home again in his sylvan chair.

As they bore him along the lane which led past the side of Glen Morris Cottage, they saw the dignified form of Uncle Morris coming to meet them. As usual, his face beamed with smiles. Little Jessie, bright, laughing, little Jessie, frisked like a kitten at his side. In his hand he held a mysterious looking parcel, done up very nicely in large folds of tissue-paper.

The archers paused when he came close to them. Looking benignantly upon them he said—

“Glad to see you, my children. You are always welcome to Glen Morris. And you, Master Richard, I am glad to see out again.

But look here, boys, what do you think of this?"

Here the old man unrolled the tissue-paper and displayed a beautiful silver water-pitcher. It was elegantly chased. On its front was a shield, on which was engraven these words, "Temperance is the fountain of health. Piety is the bud of everlasting peace." As he held it aloft, it glittered in the beams of the descending sun, and the boys gave vent to their feelings by exclaiming—

"Beautiful!" "Splendid!" "Magnificent!"

After a moment or two of these and kindred exclamations, Hugh asked—

"What's it for, Uncle?"

"Suppose you guess. Yankee boys ought to be good at guessing," replied the old gentleman.

"We aren't Yankee boys. We are New Yorkers—genuine Knickerbockers," cried Norman.

"Well, never mind. Try if you are Yankees enough to guess what this water pitcher is for."

"To drink out of," said Norman, in a doubtful tone of voice.

"A present for somebody," suggested Hugh.

"To tantalize us," said Richard.

"To look at," said Walter.

To all these vague answers Uncle Morris shook his head, laughed, and then looked at Guy with an unusually merry twinkle in his eyes.

"Well," said Guy, "if I *must* guess, I should say it's for an archery prize."

"That can't be. Why, it cost a heap of money," observed Norman Butler.

"Guy's got it! Guy's got it!" shouted Jessie, jumping round her uncle, and clapping her fat little hands.

"Yes, Guy has guessed it," said Mr. Morris. "I mean this beautiful pitcher to be given as a prize to the best archer in this club. On the first day of October next the club shall try its skill. The boy who makes the three best shots out of twelve arrows shall have the pitcher."

"Three cheers for Uncle Morris!" shouted Richard.

"No, three times three!" cried Walter Sherwood.

"Very well, let it be three times three," replied Richard.

Right heartily did the boys give those nine cheers for the liberal old gentleman, and Jessie's musical voice piped in among them.

"Thank you, my dear boys, for your cheers," said Mr. Morris. "I do this for your good. Archery is an innocent as well as healthful sport. I also want to attach you to each other, as a band of well-behaved, manly, honorable boys. I would like you to select, say six more of the best boys in the village of about your own ages. And, mark me, it must be a fixed condition of membership in your club that you never do a mean, cowardly, dishonorable, or wicked act. Do you all agree to that?"

"Yes, Sir, we all agree," cried the boys.

How happy and joyous those boys felt, as, after carrying Richard home, they clustered round the piazza in the twilight, discussing Uncle Morris, the pitcher, the boys to be invited into their club, and, especially, the meaning of

the conditions of membership imposed upon them by Uncle Morris. Nor did they break up until Mrs. Duncan came to the door and said—

“Richard, my dear, the dew is falling, and you will get cold in your knee if you stay out much longer.”

Richard rose to go in. As he limped to the sofa he said, half aloud, “That Uncle Morris is the noblest old gentleman I know of. I really love him, I do. And if it is only to please him, I’ll give up my mean and idle ways.”

CHAPTER VII.

FOURTH OF JULY IN DUNCANVILLE.

POP, crack, bang, toot, toot, toot, were the sounds produced by crackers, pistols, miniature cannon, and tin horns, which made daybreak hideous in Duncanville on the glorious Fourth. Young America rose early that morning without waiting to be called. Even Hugh, who esteemed sleep next to mince pie, was up in season to see the sun rise. In fact, all Duncanville was alive with juvenile patriots, and all along its streets, pop replied to bang, and crack, crack, crack, responded to toot, toot, toot. If noise is patriotism, then was Duncanville one of the most patriotic villages in the land.

Esquire Duncan, pleased with the signs of improvement he had noticed in Richard, had brought him an almost unlimited supply of crackers, pinwheels, roman candles, with pow-

der, and a cannon, which, said the delighted boy, "is as long as my arm, from the elbow to the wrist—a regular thirty-six pounder. I shall call it 'The Thunderer.'"

This was likely to be a dangerous day to the fun-loving boy. Its noise and license raised his spirits, and roused his latent love of mischief into unwonted activity. As if to increase his danger, his friend Guy was gone with Uncle Morris to New York. Hugh was still confined to the limits of the Glen Morris estate, and so Richard was left to the companionship of Walter Sherwood, Norman Butler, and such other boys as might chance to fall in his way; for his knee was now well enough to allow him to walk without a stick, though he still limped a little.

His feats before breakfast amounted to nothing worse than discharging a double-header under old Rover's nose, firing a bunch of crackers under old Dinah's chair in the kitchen, and secretly placing a torpedo under the leg of his mother's chair in the parlor. Compared with his tricks on former occasions, these were considered quite pardonable. Dinah said—

"Young massa Richard got some ob de ole feller left in him yet."

Mrs. Duncan, though greatly startled by the explosion of the torpedo, soon recovered herself, and gently pinching her son's ear, said—

"Be careful, my son, you don't burn yourself with that horrid gunpowder. I shall be glad when the day is over. So much noise makes me nervous."

After breakfast Richard sallied forth. His pockets were crammed with crackers, double-headers, and pinwheels. A well-filled powder-flask hung at a hunting-belt which he had buckled on, and his big cannon was under his arm.

"Halloo, Dick!" said Walter, who met him in the street just as he left the house; "you are armed for battle, I guess. Which way are you going?"

"Down to the liberty pole to fire my big cannon; will you go?"

"To be sure I will, and here comes Norman Butler."

As that fat youth came near them, Walter hailed him—

"How are you, Norman? We are going down to the liberty pole, will you join us?"

"Don't care if I do. I'm in for fun. Don't care much where I go to get it."

"That's right, my jolly friar," chimed in Richard. "Come with us, and help me fire Thunderer. But look here, boys, I've cut Jem Townsend's acquaintance, and if he's there, I shan't play with him or have any thing to do with him. Do you understand?"

"No, I don't," said Walter; "you always liked Jem's company, and I don't see any reason why we should cut his acquaintance to-day."

"I'll tell you, Walter," replied Richard, looking very serious: "Jem Townsend is in the road that leads to prison. He lies, cheats, swears, and steals when he gets a chance. Now I've made my mind up not to travel in that road, and so I've cut him. Do you understand now?"

"Not quite," rejoined Walter; "because I don't see why we can't play with him without learning his bad ways. If he swears and cheats we needn't."

"That's true; and yet, as old Mr. Morris says, you can't touch pitch without having some of it stick to your fingers. You can't play with Jem without growing like him. Why, I caught myself swearing several times after being in his company; and didn't he laugh at us, until we made ourselves sick as dogs with his penny cigars? Didn't he get poor Hugh into a scrape too? And Harry Randall told me it was all through Jem that he took his father's carriage the day Old Bones got killed and I got hurt. In fact, I don't believe there's a boy in the village that isn't worse for knowing Jem Townsend. Why, he's all the time making the hymn come true, which says—

'One sickly sheep infects the flock,
And poisons all the rest.' "

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Walter. Norman responded by shaking his fat sides, and making the air ring with his "ha, ha, ha!"

"What in the name of thunder are you laughing at?" asked Richard, his eyes flashing with the anger which the laughter of the boys had stirred in his breast.

"To hear you *preach* so," replied Walter. "Why, you go it as slick as Guy Carlton, and you quote Uncle Morris, too, just like him."

"Don't you say a word against Guy Carlton," retorted Richard, shaking his fist at Walter; "if you do, I'll maul you till you shan't know your own face when you see it in the glass. Guy's worth all the rest of the boys in Duncanville together."

"Don't get mad with a fellow!" said Walter in a soothing tone. "I like Guy first rate, and wish I was half as good as he is. Still, I like Jem Townsend too, and shall play with him if I like."

"So shall I," added Norman Butler.

"Very well, boys, you can do as you please. If you want Jem's company, you can have it; but then you can't have mine, for I won't play with that boy any more: that's poz. So now you may choose between Jem Townsend and Richard Duncan. And mind what I say, boys, if Idle Jem gets you into any mean scrape, you may bid good-by to the archery club, and Glen Morris, and your chance of getting that silver

pitcher. You know the conditions Uncle Morris laid down the day he showed us that splendid pitcher. Guy says he'll stick to them, and no mistake."

"Well, seeing you're so set about it, and we're such old friends, I'll cut Jem," said Walter, who foresaw that a rupture with Dick on this point might lead to his expulsion from the archery club.

Norman did not reply, but walked slowly away, looking upon the ground in a very brown study. He was disputing with himself. His sense of right told him to give up Jem Townsend's society and stick to his friend Richard, and the archery club. But his pride was touched by the direct manner in which Dick had put the question. Moreover, he liked the latter better than he did Jem, and it was certainly worth while to consider whether it were wise to give up the society of the son of the richest man in Duncanville, for that of a boy whose parents were any thing but reputable. Hence he talked to himself thus—

"Confound the fellow; why did he compel me to part with my independence in this matter?

I wouldn't mind cutting that miserable Jem of my own free will. But to do it because he as good as ordered me to do it, is a pill I can't swallow, especially on the Fourth of July. It would stick in my throat. Botheration! what shall I do?"

His last exclamation was made loud enough for Walter to hear, for he had stepped quietly after Norman and was now at his elbow. He replied to him—

"Do? why, cut Jem to be sure. You know Dick's company is worth that of a whole regiment of Jem Townsends. Besides, Norman, you know Dick is right about the road Jem's travelling. He's bound to be a jail-bird as sure as my name's Walter. I heard my father say so, the other day."

"I would, Walt, if Dick hadn't spoke so much like a dictator. I can be coaxed, but I won't be driven—pinch my nose if I will!" and here Norman planted his foot upon the ground with a pride and firmness that would have done credit to a revolutionary father on the glorious field of Bunker Hill.

"Umph! mighty independent, I see. Well, I like spunk, especially on the Fourth. But I say, Norman, hold up! Don't go off. Here's Dick!" Then turning to that boy, Walter said—

"I say, Dick, did you mean to *dictate* to me or Norman about cutting Jem?"

"No," replied Richard, "I only wanted to tell you what I am going to do. I want you to do so too, for your own sakes as well as mine. I want Norman's friendship, because I like him—Nor! here, give us your hand!"

Norman was a generous boy. Richard's kind words melted all his pride, and giving his hand he said—

"I'll cut Jem for your sake, Dick. I would have agreed to it right off, but I thought you were trying to come the master over me, and I couldn't stand that. Norman Butler calls no boy in Duncanville his master!

"Bravo! Hurrah for spunk! That's what I like," cried Walter. "Come, Dick, let us fire nine rounds of your cannon in honor of Nor's grit."

Stepping back into a vacant nook, the Thunderer was fired nine times, and the boys soon forgot their little feud in the noise and smoke of Richard's piece of ordnance.

The booming of the Thunderer drew the attention of Idle Jem, and a crew of rough boys who usually hung round him. They left the vicinity of the Liberty Pole, and went to the vacant lot in which the busy cannoniers were plying their gun.

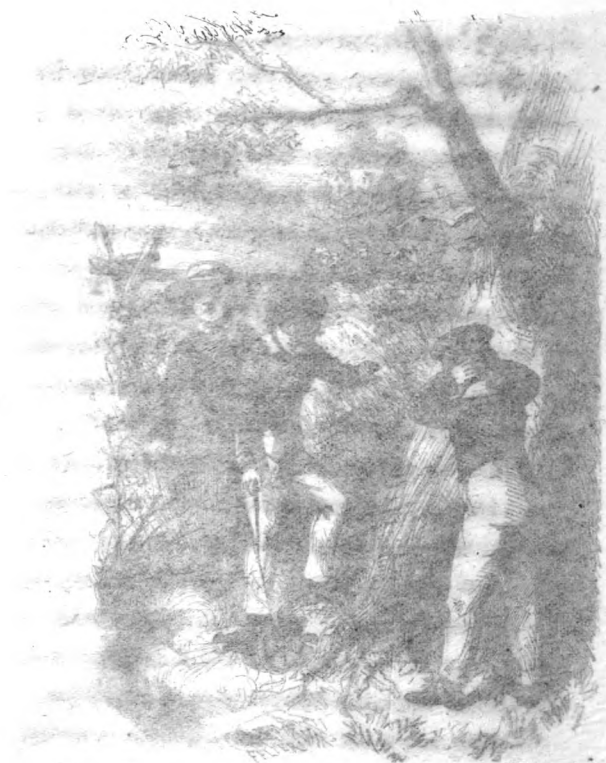
"First-rate gun that! Where did you get it, Dick?" asked Jem, as, with his hands in his pockets, he stood looking at the cannon.

"None of your business!" replied Richard tartly.

"Grouty this morning, eh? Got out the wrong side the bed, I reckon; or mebbe you eat pickles for breakfast," said Jem, with a vulgar leer.

Richard was a boy of spirit, and now that he had made up his mind to get rid of this bad boy, he was only irritated by his vulgar manner. He turned to him therefore with a flashing eye, and said—

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"Mr. Jem, I'll thank you to leave us alone; because, to be plain with you, I, and Walt, and Nor Butler don't mean to play with you or go with you any more."

"So! ho! whew! whew! skittish as well as grouty are ye? Steady my colt, steady!" and Jem patted Richard's shoulder.

Richard's first impulse was to resent this mockery with a blow. He drew back his arm to strike. But a better thought came over him. Lowering his arm, he said—

"No, I won't degrade myself by fighting you. I've done with you and your mean ways forever, Master Jem. You're on the wrong road, and I can't afford to travel it with you any longer, because I've no fancy for lodgings at the cost of the State." Then taking up his cannon, he turned to his two friends and added—

"Come, boys, let's go to the lane near my house. If Jem comes there, my father will take care of him."

Off went the two boys with Richard. Jem scowled savagely at them, and seemed to be thinking how to resent this singular treatment.

At last he turned to the dirty crew at his heels and said—

“Give ’em a yell, boys, and let ’em go to York. Those ’ristocrat boys ain’t worth a red cent for company. Yell at ’em like mad.”

And yell they did like a little pack of hounds, but that was all.

“I hope they’ll split their throats, the young ragamuffins!” said Walter.

“Too leathery for that, I reckon,” said Norman, chuckling at his own joke.

“No matter what they do, now we are clear of them, and I’m glad of it,” replied Dick.

“So am I, now it’s done,” said Walter; “and won’t my mother be glad when I tell her about it! She thinks that Jem Townsend is a shocking bad boy.”

The three boys now resumed their sport with the cannon and their fireworks, which they kept up until dinner-time.

After dinner they met again. Then Walter proposed a visit to Hugh, at Glen Morris. “The poor fellow,” said he, “has not been off the farm since the night Jem and I made him

smoke. Let us go and cheer him up a while. We can fire our crackers down in that beautiful glen just as well as here."

"I agree to that," said Norman.

"So do I," said Richard; "and I guess he'll be glad to learn how we cut Jem's acquaintance this morning. Come, let's be going."

Away they went round the road which passed the blacksmith's shop, at the four corners. When they came up to the shop, which was patriotically closed, they saw a man sitting with his back against the shop, and his head bowed down upon his breast. He looked more like a heap of clothes, than a man.

"That's old Joe Bunker!" exclaimed Richard, as he drew near to the unhappy man.

"What! old Timbertoe! Is he *dead*?" asked Walter.

"Yes, *dead drunk*," replied Norman shaking the old man in a vain attempt to rouse him.

"He's got too much liquor aboard, I guess," said Dick.

"He's what I should call snagged and foundered," observed Walter.

Just then the old spirit of mischief came over Master Richard. As his eye rested on poor Joe's wooden leg, the idea of removing it, and enjoying the old sailor's embarrassment when he awoke, flashed into his mind. In vain did the image of Uncle Morris, of Guy, and the recollection of his promises rise before his mind. The old spirit had got the mastery once more, and improving Richard became mischievous Dick again.

Old Bunker's wooden leg extended to his knee only, which rested on a sort of padded socket. It was fastened on by straps, and could be easily removed. Richard set to work on the buckles in high glee. The others stood by, wondering what he was about.

It took him several minutes of hard work to get the leg off, but he succeeded, and holding it aloft, said—

"See, boys, I've got the old skipper's leg. Won't there be a time when he wakes up!"

"You'll have to fire your cannon to wake him, I guess," said Walter; "he sleeps as though he'd been drinking paregoric."

"Fire away then!" cried Dick: "wait a moment though; yonder's his wagon, I'll go and put his best foot in it for him."

"I say, Dick, ain't it too bad to torment a poor drunken creature like old Joe," said Norman, who, being a boy of much good feeling, could not see the fun that Dick's humorous nature saw in the foolish sport he was seeking.

"We won't *hurt* him!" said Richard: "come, fire away with old Thunderer!"

Bang! went the gun close to old Bunker's ears. He started, raised his head, opened his eyes, and gazed around with a very stupid look. Just then Richard let off a whole package of crackers, while Walter set a double-header banging and cracking most furiously. These noises roused the drunken sailor still more.

"Shiver my topsails, if it ain't a blowin' big guns," said he, rolling his head about like an idiot. "Go aloft there, you lubbers. Take in that fore-top sail there! Belay there, d'ye hear! Keep her steady! stead—stead—steady."

The three boys laughed at this pitiful specta-

cle of a man imbruted until a new idea seized him.

“Mutiny aboard, eh! Bring me my cutlass, boy. Down with the rascals! Shoot 'em! There! they go below! On with the hatches, boys. Batten 'em down!”

Here the poor man tried to rise; but his leg being gone, he fell over on to his face.

“There, that’s what comes of your mischievous tricks, master Dick,” said Norman, as he helped the poor man to sit up, with his back against the shop. “See! he’s bruised his forehead, and his mouth and nose are filled with dirt. For shame, Dick Duncan! If you ever get me into another of these mean scrapes, I’ll cut you, as you cut Jem Townsend to-day, else my name isn’t Norman Butler.”

The sight of the old man’s face brought Richard back to his better feelings. He felt heartily ashamed of himself, and blushed deeply as he handed his handkerchief to Norman, and said—

“Here, take this and wipe his face, while I get his wooden leg.”

Poor old Joe now began to throw off the effects of the liquor he had drunk in the morning. The boys wiped his face, helped him buckle on his leg, and finally, after much pushing and lifting, got him into his wagon, and headed his old horse homewards. Joe said but little, for he was very much mortified at being found tipsy. He was so stupid, withal, he scarcely knew whether the boys had been funning with him, or only helping him out of some, to him, mysterious drunken difficulty.

"I'd rather die than live to become a drunkard," said Norman, as the old man's wagon rolled down the road.

"And I feel so mean, I shall hardly dare to look in a glass for a week to come," observed Richard.

"I should think you would," replied Norman, "after trying to get sport out of such a poor wretch as drunken Joe. I don't see how we can keep you in the archery club, under Uncle Morris's new rule."

"He'll turn me out, that's a fact, and I deserve it too."

"Botheration! No you don't," said Walter. "Besides, how's he to know about it. I shan't tell him, and I'm sure Nor won't. Will you, Nor?"

"Not I."

"But I shall tell him *myself*!" remarked Richard.

"You! what next? Why, Richard Duncan, what *has* got into you?" said Walter, looking at the grave, earnest face of his friend, in perfect astonishment.

"Nothing bad I hope," replied Richard; "only I won't deceive that noble old man. And now, since I've done a mean act, I won't go to Glen Morris until the old gentleman returns to-morrow, and I can make my confession to him. But here, take Thunderer and my powder-flask, and cheer up poor Hugh. I'm going home. My Fourth is ended, at least, until after tea to-night."

With these words, Richard placed his cannon and powder-flask at the feet of his wondering companions and ran home, where he spent the rest of the afternoon reading and thinking.

The old spirit of mischief had cast him down, but it had not conquered him, for he was yet in the field—armed with a purpose to try and *try again*.

What a blessed influence that was which Uncle Morris and Guy exercised over Richard! They had both won his love, and his affection for them not only kept him from plunging headlong into his old vices, but moved him to strive after that nobleness and purity of character for himself, which had given them such a charm in his eyes. And herein lies the secret by which a good boy may attract idle ones to himself and reform them. First he must act nobly and purely in all things, and then he must be kind to the idle one he wishes to lead upward. He will thus win his respect and his love. This done, he can lead him as a little girl does her pet lamb—by the golden thread of love.

CHAPTER VIII.

HUGH'S MISHAPS.

HUGH had felt as dull all day as an epicure without an appetite. The poor fellow, as the reader knows, had been shut up within the bounds of Glen Morris for several days, as a punishment for his bad conduct. While Guy was at home to amuse him, he bore his imprisonment with tolerably good humor. But to-day, Guy being away, and the boys of the neighborhood all busy with their fireworks down in the village, he was in very sober mood. Like all lazy boys, he did not enjoy his own company. Books were a bore to him. Jessie, lively and lovely as she was, did not attach herself to him as she did to Guy. Perhaps this was his own fault, for he, certainly, was not very ready to enter into her feelings and pursuits. In fact, there was so much selfishness in Hugh's nature,

that he had very little strong, deep love for any one but himself. Hence he was not loved deeply and strongly by others, for, as Uncle Morris was wont to say, he that would be loved must himself be loving.

No wonder, therefore, that Hugh had spent a dull morning. Setting off fireworks by one's self is not very amusing business, and he had tired of it soon after breakfast. Seated on the back piazza, he leaned his head against one of the pillars, and put on a look so dark and forbidding, that the servant-girl remarked, as she passed him—

“An shure, Mister Hugh, ye're lookin' as if ye had niver a friend in the world.”

“Go to bedlam with your blarney!” said the angry boy, looking daggers at the laughing daughter of the Emerald Isle.

Just then little Jessie came out of the house. Tripping up to her brother, she said—

“Will you please take a walk with me down to the glen, Hugh?”

“Oh, don't bother me with your nonsense,” replied he spitefully.

A cloud came over Jessie's face, a tear floated in her eye, and, running to her mother in the parlor, she said—

“Ma, that naughty Hugh is so cross that I can't speak a word to him; and he snaps at me so, I'm afraid of him.”

“Poor Hugh feels bad, because he mustn't go off the farm, and you must make allowance for him, my dear,” replied Mrs. Carlton. Then, after kissing Jessie's pouting lips, she added: “And he feels worse to day than usual, because Guy is away, and the village boys are all enjoying sports from which he is cut off.”

“That's just why I asked him to go down to the glen with me, ma. I thought it would amuse him a little, and he spoke ever so cross at me. I won't love him any more, I declare I won't.”

“Hush, Jessie, my dear,” replied Mrs. Carlton, “don't talk in that way. If Hugh does wrong, you mustn't do wrong too. Your anger won't make him better, but it will do you more hurt than his sharp words. Hugh is your brother, and you must love him in spite of his faults.”

This was good advice. Jessie knew it to be so, and in a little while was singing round the house like a canary bird, just as merrily as if nothing had taken place to grieve her. Happy little Jessie!

But Hugh, selfish, idle Hugh, did not recover his good temper quite so easily. For a long time he continued on the piazza, feeding the evil spirit that was in him, with grumbling, fretful thoughts. Wearied at last of this tiresome way of spending time, he rose, wandered to the gate at the side of the house, pulled out his jack-knife and began whittling the gate-post. He kept at this until his knife slipped, and made a long but slight cut in the ball of his thumb. Smarting with pain, he ran into the kitchen, pressing the cut tight with the finger and thumb of his left hand, and saying to the girl—

“Mary, give me a bit of rag! Quick! quick! stir about now!”

“An shure, ye may be afther gettin’ the rag yourself, Mister Hugh, unless ye kape a civil tongue in your head,” replied Mary, who had

not yet forgotten the rebuff given her a little while before.

"Come, Mary, be smart and get me a rag, there's a good girl," said Hugh, softening down, in his anxiety to get his thumb tied up.

The girl got the rag, tied up his thumb, and then Hugh, feeling a desire for something to eat, walked into the pantry in search of something nice.

The weather being hot, all the food in the house had been put into the refrigerator or taken into the cellar. Hence his search was vain. But spying a bottle on the shelf, with a mixture in it which looked like some kind of wine, he took it in his hand, and holding it up to the light, said, half aloud—

"I wonder what this stuff is. It looks precious nice. I shouldn't wonder if our Mary has been buying some wine to keep the Fourth with. Guess I'll taste it anyhow, and find out what it is."

Removing the cork, Hugh was about to raise the bottle to his lips, when he heard a noise, as if some one *was* coming into the pantry. Un-

willing to lose the taste of the precious liquid, and equally unwilling to be found with the bottle in his hands, he hurriedly put it to his mouth, and swallowed a good draught.

Poor Hugh! how he did roar, and scream, and spit, and jump round the pantry! Dashing the bottle to the floor, he gnashed his teeth, drew his breath hard and quick, and placing one hand on his forehead and the other on his stomach, he cried—

“Oh! oh! my mouth, my throat, my throat! I’m poisoned! I’m burning up! oh! oh! oh!”

“What *is* the matter with you, Hugh?” asked his mother, as she came rushing into the pantry, accompanied by Mary and Jessie. “What have you done? Tell me quick!”

“Will he *die*, Mother?” whispered Jessie.

“I’m poisoned! Oh, I’m poisoned! oh! oh! oh!” groaned Hugh, who really believed he had swallowed some deadly draught.

Just then, Mary, whose eyes had been arrested by the wet and by the broken glass, exclaimed, as she pointed to the floor—

“And shure, marm, hasn’t he been a drinkin’

of the medicine ye was afther giving me last night for me toothache!"

The true state of the case flashed at once over Mrs. Carlton's mind. She saw that her son, in seeking to tickle his palate with something nice, had pretty sharply burned his mouth and throat with a liberal dose of a tolerably hot mixture, intended to mollify that tormentor of the mouth, called toothache. This calmed her fears, and she set to work to relieve Hugh from the fires which, in his imagination, were burning him up.

As soon as his mouth had ceased smarting—it felt *raw* for some time longer—Mrs. Carlton led him into the parlor, and drew from him an account of the way in which he came to taste the contents of the bottle. When he had finished his story, she said—

"Now, Hugh, I hope you have learned a lesson you will not soon forget. This is not the first time, your self-seeking habits have led you into trouble. The next time you are tempted to gratify your appetite in an improper manner, I hope you will think of this affair, and restrain

yourself. In this case, as a temperance boy, you ought to have turned away from the bottle, even if it had contained nothing but wine, which, as you know, we never keep in the house, except for sickness. It was also very mean for a son of mine to drink a liquid which he thought belonged to his mother's servant. Oh, my son, my son, you have many things to learn, and to unlearn, or you will not be a noble, honest, Christian man, like your father, when you grow up."

Hugh winced under these plain, but affectionate remarks of his faithful mother. He felt their justice, and thought he would try to be a better boy.

This good thought was only an angel's visit. The next moment his mind turned to his companions, and to the fun they would have over his misfortune, if they should hear of it. To prevent this, was now his chief object. After a moment or two of grave thinking, he turned to his mother, and begged her to say nothing about his blunder. Mrs. Carlton readily gave her promise, provided he refrained from pry-

ing into things which did not concern him. Hugh then turned his sister, and said—

“Promise me, Jessie, not to tell Guy, or any one else, will you?”

“I don’t know about that, master Hugh,” replied Jessie, tossing her head, and looking as if she meant to tease him.

“Now come, Jessie, don’t be a blab. The fellows would laugh me into a booby if they knew it. You won’t tell, I know you won’t, you are too good-natured to wish to see me a laughing-stock;” and Hugh looked more lovingly at his sister than he had for a long time before.

“If you were only kind to me, Hugh, I’d do almost any thing for you,” rejoined Jessie, “but you are cross. You know how you snapped at me this very morning, because I asked you to walk with me to the glen.”

“Well, I *will* be kind. I’ll go with you to the glen with my raw mouth, right away, if you’ll only promise not to tell anybody.”

“Not even Uncle Morris?” asked Jessie.

“Uncle Morris!” exclaimed Hugh; “any-

body but him. I want you to keep it all to yourself."

"Very well; I promise."

"On your honor?"

"Yes, on my *honor*."

"Well, get your bonnet, and we will go to the glen."

Jessie ran for her bonnet, singing, as she went, right joyously. While she was gone, Hugh slipped into the kitchen, and, by dint of much coaxing, obtained a promise of silence from Mary. How much more manly he would have felt if he had not done the act which he was now so anxious to conceal! No boy or girl should ever do any thing which would bring a blush to the cheek, if known to all the world.

Hugh and Jessie spent the rest of the morning very pleasantly. When they sat down to dinner, he said he had never enjoyed himself better than during the last hour's ramble in her company.

I cannot tell you how glad he felt, when, shortly after dinner, he heard the well-known signal whistle, by which Walter made known

his arrival with Norman. Leaping from the sofa on which he had been lolling, he rushed out of the parlor, capsizing his mother's work-basket in his thoughtless haste. Joining his friends, he said—

“You are a couple of capital good fellows to visit a poor prisoner. I'm so glad you are come! This has been the dullest Fourth of July I ever knew. Come, let us fire off our crackers! But what's that under your arm, Walt?”

“Dick's new cannon. He calls it the Thunderer.”

“Oh my! what a buster! Will it go off?”

“Guess it will. Let us go into your glen and try it.”

Away they went to the glen, where, you may be sure, they had a fine time. They fired salutes from the cannon, set off large quantities of crackers and pin-wheels, and would have closed the afternoon very pleasantly, but for another of Hugh's thoughtless tricks.

Uncle Morris had, from time to time, improved the structure of “Jessie's Bower,” which,

the reader will recollect, stood in the middle of the glen. Among other things, he had boarded the bower inside, so that persons could lean back when seated in it, without fear of breaking away the rustic work of which it was built. The top edges of these boards ran evenly all round the inside of the bower. Just as the boys were getting ready to leave, Hugh pointed to these boards, and said—

“Give me your powder-flask, Walter, and let me lay a train all round the smooth edges of those boards. Won’t the fire run round slick!”

“Don’t know about that,” remarked Norman: “you may set fire to the bower.”

“Fudge! I’ll risk the bower,” cried Hugh, as he took the flask from Walter’s hand.

Norman said no more, but, walking to the mouth of the glen, seated himself upon a mossy rock, and watched the proceedings of his two friends.

“Do you think there is any danger of setting the bower afire?” asked Hugh, as he busied himself in laying the train.

"Not a bit of it!" replied Walter, who was as eager to see the fire run round the boards as his companion.

The train was soon laid. Hugh took a piece of lighted slow-match, and shouting, "Now for fun," applied it to the gunpowder. Not succeeding at once, he grew impatient, and bending over the powder, began blowing on the match.

Walter was alarmed at this sight, and shouted, "Stand back, Hugh! you'll be blown up if you don't mind."

Puff! went the powder, and a fiery line flamed round the bower, while poor Hugh starting back, dropped his slow-match, and clapping his hands to his eyes, bent forward and cried—

"Oh, I'm blinded! I'm blinded!"

"I told you so," said Walter.

"There goes the bower in a blaze!" cried Norman, as a tongue of flame burst forth from the rustic work, which, being very old and very dry, had readily taken fire. In a few moments the bower was in a blaze.

"Are you much hurt?" asked Norman, try-

ing to remove Hugh's hands from before his eyes.

Hugh dropped his hands, and opening his eyes, exclaimed, "I can *see*!" Then forgetting his fears for himself in his alarm at the fire, which was now raging on the bower, he added: "Oh dear me, what shall I do? I've set the bower afire. Oh, what will Uncle Morris say?"

The boys did their best to comfort him. His face, they found, was not burned by the powder, though his eyebrows were very slightly singed. This was a great relief. But the bower was doomed. A very few minutes sufficed to consume the rustic work, and in half an hour nothing remained of it but a heap of smoking ashes.

With slow and heavy steps, Hugh with his two friends walked toward the house. At the gate the boys bade him "good evening."

"Good evening!" he replied, but in his heart he felt that it was a bad evening. Silently he sat at the tea-table, scarcely touching his food, and making Jessie and his mother wonder at

the dull mood which had come over him. He said nothing of his new mishap, however, but withdrew to his room directly after tea, and at dark retired to his bed, hoping to drown the memories of the day in the forgetfulness of sleep.

CHAPTER IX.

THE NEW SCHOOLMASTER.

THE next day was memorable at Glen Morris as a day of confession and humiliation. First after breakfast came poor downcast Hugh, trembling with anxiety, with his story of the burned bower.

"What! burned my bower, my beautiful bower! Oh, you naughty Hugh!" exclaimed Jessie, bursting into tears and burying her head in her mother's lap to give full vent to her grief.

"A very thoughtless trick, my son," observed Mr. Carlton; "but since you did not *intend* to destroy the bower, I forgive you, hoping you will be more thoughtful and cautious in your sports hereafter."

"That bower was a sacred place to me, my dear boy," said Uncle Morris, "because your aunt

loved it when she was on earth. We can build a new one, to be sure, but it will never be to me what the old one was. The seat she used to sit upon, the rustic-work which pleased her eye, the vines she planted, are gone now, and to me the glen has now lost half its charm. Your *thoughtlessness* has thus robbed me; it has also destroyed your father's property; and I wonder it did not deprive you of your sight, for, I see, your eyebrows are singed by the gunpowder. It is true, as your good father has said, you did not *intend* all this, and yet you are not wholly free from guilt. Remember, it is wrong *not to think*. The great All-father gave you reason, that you might think over the probable results of your acts before doing them. You *act* first and *think* afterwards. You must, hereafter, learn to think before you act. As you go through life, you will find very few persons willing, like your father, to accept your 'I didn't think,' or, 'I didn't mean to do it,' as a compensation for the evil acts you commit in your thoughtless moments."

Hugh, who was deeply sorry for having burn-

ed the bower, promised to be more thoughtful. He went to Jessie's side, gently drew her head from its hiding-place, kissed her, and said—

“Don't cry, Jessie. I'm sorry I burned your bower. I'll help build another. Come, Jessie, brighten up!”

“Yes, we will build another, Jessie, right off,” said Guy.

“To be sure we will, little gipsy mine,” added Uncle Morris, patting the head of his pet.

Jessie sighed away her tears, silently kissed Hugh as a token of peace between them, and then stepped to her uncle, and springing to her favorite place on his knee, leaned her head against his side and patted his chin with her fat hand.

“Jessie,” said Uncle Morris, after a few moments of silence, “how would you like to get up a picnic?”

“A picnic! O Uncle Morris, wouldn't it be nice!” exclaimed the child, losing sight of her sorrows in prospect of a new pleasure.

“Yes, my gipsy, a picnic. I know a capital place about four miles from here, and as soon

as the huckleberries are ripe, I propose that you get up a picnic."

"I! what, a little girl like me get up a picnic! why, I don't know how," and Jessie laughed aloud. It seemed so funny to think of a picnic to be got up by Jessie Carlton.

"Laughing at a poor old man, are you? Hoity-toity! If that's the way you treat me, I must look out for some other little girl to be my pet;" and Uncle Morris pinched her cheek, and put on such a comical look, that Jessie laughed louder than ever.

It was finally agreed to have a picnic in two weeks from that day, and Jessie was to send out cards of invitation in her own name to all the members of the archery club, and to an equal number of the little girls of Duncanville. These, with Uncle Morris, Mr. and Mrs. Carlton, with Mary, and the coachman, were to make up the party.

While these points were being settled, Mr. Carlton had left. Mrs. Carlton had gone to her room, and now a rap at the door announced the coming of Master Richard Duncan.

"Come in, my boy. Glad to see you," said Uncle Morris smiling, and giving his hand to Richard.

Guy and Hugh also shook his hand very cordially. Jessie smiled and said—

"Good morning, Master Duncan!"

Still, with all this cordiality the boy did not seem at his ease. He looked furtively about, now glancing at Uncle Morris, then at the boys, and finally gazing on the floor as if he were trying to study the designs on the carpet. At last he began—

"Ahem! hem! If you please, Mr. Morris, I want—"

Here his voice grew husky, and he paused.

"You want—what do you want, my son?" said Uncle Morris, in tones so kind and gentle that Richard recovered his courage and went on—

"I want to tell you that I can't shoot for that silver pitcher, Sir."

"Hi! Hi! what now! Got tired of archery, boy, eh!"

"No, Sir, but I did a *mean* thing yesterday,

and you said no boy who did that, should try for the prize."

"Eh! eh! Did a mean thing, did you? Sorry for that, but what did you do?"

Richard frankly told the story of his foolish, not to say wicked treatment of poor drunken Joe Bunker, and wound up by saying—

"I despise myself for it, Sir, because it shows that I am such a poor weak booby, I can't keep faith with myself."

"Pooh! pooh! don't cherish such a foolish thought as that, my son. A life habit, like yours, is not to be subdued without a struggle. Courage, Richard Duncan! You have half redeemed your fault already."

"How so, Sir."

"By the frank, manly confession you have made here this morning. It is honorable to confess a fault, and I begin to respect you as I have never done before. There are one or two things more which may be done, however, to prove the sincerity of your regret.

"What are they?" asked Richard eagerly. "I will do any thing I can to make things right."

"First, you can apologize to the old sailor, for making him a subject of sport."

"I have done that, Sir, this morning. I came directly from his house, here."

"Good! But his face was injured by his fall, you said!"

"Yes, Sir, it was bruised by the gravel."

"You can't undo that, but could you not make the poor old man a trifling gift by way of repairing the wrong you did him, or, I should rather say, by way of expressing most strikingly the grief you feel for having done it."

"I have done that too, Sir."

"You have! Are you free to tell me what you gave him?"

"I gave him my new flag."

"What, that splendid one with the stars and stripes your father gave you the other day?" queried Hugh.

"Yes. I knew that old Joe had long wished for a new flag to hoist on his flag-staff, in place of the ragged bit of bunting which he sported upon it. So I gave him mine, and I never saw anybody so tickled in my life. He reeved and

hoisted it on his post in double quick time. Then he hobbled back far enough to get a good view of it. Giving his waist-band a hitch, and pushing his great quid into his cheek, he cried, 'Shiver my topsails, if that ere flag ain't good enough for a commodore.' Then coming back to me, he brought his hard hand down into my palm, and said, 'An old sailor's blessin' upon ye, Master Duncan. May ye always have plenty of beef and biscuit aboard, and never be without plenty of shot in your locker.'"

"You are a noble lad, Richard," said Uncle Morris, "and have generously made amends for your fault. You may contend for my pitcher, and I sincerely hope you may win it. Keep up the conflict with your evil habit, however, and you will live to be a greater man than Alexander the Great."

"That can hardly be, Sir," replied Richard laughing; "he was a great conqueror, and I shall never command a corporal's guard, much less a grand army."

"Quite likely, my dear boy; yet if you conquer yourself, you will achieve a greater con-

quest than the subjection of empires. Alexander subdued kingdoms, but had a master within himself. His lusts ruled him, and, as you know, he died at last in a drunken frolic. His appetites slew him. Now, if you conquer your appetites and your evil inclinations, you will be greater than he, though you may never even witness the horrors of a battle-field. But mark what I say, Richard—”

Here Uncle Morris’s expression became grave, and his voice soft with feeling. Richard looked earnestly in his face, and the old man closed his sentence, by adding—

“You must fight this battle trying and trusting in God ; or, to use a phrase common in the army of the great and good Oliver Cromwell, you must trust in God and keep your powder dry. Trying, praying, and trusting are inseparable weapons in this warfare.”

Richard now took leave of the Carltons, and went home in a very sober mood. Evidently a great change for the better was coming over him. The influence of Guy and Uncle Morris was telling finely on his character. The inspi-

ration of high and noble purposes was upon him, and had already wrought wonders in his feelings, his manners, his actions, and even in his speech, from which he had dropped many of the vulgar phrases he had formerly learned in the society of Idle Jem and his wicked crew.

On reaching home, Richard took his bow and arrows and spent an hour in a paddock, at the rear of his father's garden, in close archery practice.* He was nursing a secret purpose to win the silver pitcher. All the other members of the archery club had agreed that Guy was as good as sure of it, but Richard had a feeling in his heart that hard trying could make him the victor in that coming trial of skill; and he firmly resolved to try with all his might. What his trying achieved will appear hereafter.

A few days later and the Duncanville Academy was opened for a summer term, and Richard, with the Carltons, Walter, and Norman, was among the scholars.

School life was likely to try our hero's new-

* See Frontispiece.

born purposes. He had been known hitherto among the boys as their leader in active sports and in mischief. They looked to him as usual to give direction to their fun. Dick knew this, of course, and he knew too that if he declined to do as he always had done, they would be down upon him with many a biting joke and bitter jeer. Seated beneath a peach-tree in the garden, on the morning of the opening of the Academy, he talked to himself after this manner—

“Now mind, Richard Duncan, you have set out to be a sensible boy. You have played the fool long enough—yes, too long for your own good. Take care now how you act. Don’t make a great sprawl about what you are going to do, and then be a bigger fool than ever by getting into some new scrape again. Mind how you act. Be firm for the right, and keep your foot on the neck of that spirit of mischief which is in you! That’s good advice; so mind you follow it, Richard Duncan.”

“Halloo Dick! where are you?” shouted Walter Sherwood, at this moment.

"Here I am," replied Richard, rising and advancing to meet his friend.

"Ready for school, Dick? It's almost nine!"

"All ready! my books are on the back piazza."

"Got your pea-shooter in your pocket, and plenty of peas?"

"Yes, a pocket-full. See here!" and placing his hand on his pocket he displayed a big bunch caused by the stock of peas within.

It had been a custom with the Duncanville boys, for a long time, to meet on the first morning of the opening of the school for the purpose of being classed, and finding out where their lessons were to begin. These things being done, a period of general fun had been allowed, in which the school-room became a battle-ground, and the boys shot at each other with their pea-shooters. Upon this harmless but spirited sport their former teacher had looked with tacit approval, albeit now and then a stray pea or two struck his dress, and occasionally his person. But to-day a new master was to make his appearance, and it was a question among the

boys whether he would accord them their usual indulgence or not.

"They say he's real strict," said Walter, as he and Richard walked towards the Academy. "Dolph Harding says he's a regular tyrant, and that the boys turned him out of his school somewhere down East last winter. Dolph says if he won't let us have our sport we must *rebel*."

"Time enough to think of that when we see how he acts," replied Richard, who felt a little ruffled at the idea of having a tyrant for his teacher; and yet his new purposes made it appear wrong to aid in getting up a rebellion.

Dark frowns gathered on the faces of the boys, as they seated themselves in school that morning. Their new teacher repelled them at once by his looks and manners. He was a little, elderly man, with short gray hair sticking up all over his head, like the quills of a porcupine. His eyes were gray and cold, with lids inflamed by overmuch study or by disease. His face was pale and thin, while his nose was enormously large for his face, and it turned upwards

as if it scorned all earthly things. His mouth too was large, and displayed several ill-shapen, discolored teeth. The only thing about that singular face which relieved its homeliness, was a fine forehead, that certainly seemed misplaced between such hair and features.

But his voice, how harshly it grated on ears long used to a teacher whose tones were silvery and gentle, and who was as handsome as this man was homely! To complete their disgust, he had a raw hide and a large ferule on his desk. He had hardly spoken ten words before, I really believe, every boy in that school hated him.

After upwards of two hours of sullen silence on the part of the boys, except when giving cute replies to the teacher's sharply put questions, the classes were formed and the studies assigned. Then Adolphus Harding rose in his seat, and said—

“If you please, Mr. Nailer, our former teacher always gave us the latter part of the first morning of a new term to play in.”

Then, without waiting for a reply, he turned to the boys, and in a voice of command, said—

"Boys! get out your pea-shooters! Make ready! *Present!* FIRE!"

In a moment every boy had his pea-shooter at his lips, and showers of peas flew in all directions across the room.

"Silence!" shouted the teacher, as soon as he could recover from the shock which the movement of the boys had given him.

But they gave no heed to his command. Then rising to his feet, he gazed angrily at his uproarious scholars, brought his raw hide down upon his desk with a terrible thwack, and shouted—

"Silence! I say—SILENCE! or I'll whip every one of you raw!"

Still the peas flew like hail, no one heeding the half-frantic shouts of the teacher, who was now in a perfect tempest of passion. Even Guy, cautious Guy, was carried away by the spirit of the occasion, and, smarting under a sense of needless harshness on the part of Mr. Nailer, he used his pea-shooter with a zeal equal to that of any other boy in the room.

This outbreak had a bad effect on Richard

too. The teacher's manner had wounded his pride and roused his temper. He also felt vexed to see Adolphus assume a leadership which had always been conceded to him. Of course, these bad feelings soon swallowed up all his good purposes, and his old spirit assumed the mastery. After firing at the boys, and shouting, "Fire away!" "Go it boys!" and similar phrases, in an evil moment his eye turned towards the incensed master, and his sense of the ridiculous was tickled by a sight of that most remarkable nose.

"I'll lodge a pea in that homely snout of his, pepper and salt me if I don't!" said he to himself.

The next moment *pat* went a well-directed pea right against the tip of the teacher's nose. That pea was like the last straw on the overloaded camel's back. It made his rage boil over. Grasping his raw hide, he rushed from his desk, and seizing Walter Sherwood by the collar, dragged him into an open space on the floor, and began to thrash him without mercy.

He had mistaken the culprit. Richard saw

this in a moment, and the better feelings of the few past weeks came over him again. He obeyed their impulse, and stepping out on to the floor, he dragged Walter from the teacher's grasp, and said—

“Here, whip me! I shot that pea at your nose, not Walter!”

“Bravo! Three cheers for Dick Duncan!” cried Adolphus; and the boys, who all admired Richard's generosity in screening Walter by confessing his own fault, gave three hearty cheers, which shook the building.

This only incensed the little teacher still more, and, almost foaming with rage, he applied the raw hide to Richard's shoulders and back, in the most furious manner.

“Hustle the tyrant out! Hustle him out!” shouted Adolphus, who could not bear to see his old friend Richard whipped so mercilessly.

Several of the larger boys took up the cry, and, rushing upon the teacher, would have speedily pushed him into the street; but Guy, who, by this time, had begun to reflect, stepped forward and said—

"Stop, boys! This is all wrong. Let Mr. Nailer alone!"

"We won't!" cried Adolphus.

"You *must*!" replied Guy firmly. "We have no right to take this step. Don't help him, boys, but go to your places!"

Guy's emphatic words and earnest manner awed the boys into submission. They went back to their seats, and Adolphus slowly followed them, muttering, as he went, against Guy and the teacher.

Just then the bell of the old church-clock struck twelve. The angry teacher mounted his desk with a most awful frown, and fiercely said—

"I'll lay this matter before the school-committee. You are dismissed!"

Great was the stir in Duncanville that noon, as the tidings of this notable outbreak spread. It was a new thing there to have trouble in the Academy, which had enjoyed the labors of a most kind and competent instructor for several years. But now the committee was hurriedly called together. After hearing Mr. Nailer's

statement, they sent for Guy, Adolphus, Richard, and several other boys, and questioned them closely. By these means, they got a tolerably fair view of all the facts in the case.

As the upshot of this inquiry, the committee visited the school in the afternoon, and addressed the boys. They condemned the pea-shooting as disobedience, inasmuch as no permission had been either asked of the new teacher or given by him. They required Adolphus and Richard to offer an apology to Mr Nailer, before the whole school, for their part in the melee; and after insisting that the boys should quietly submit to the order and discipline of the school, the gentleman who spoke for the committee turned to Mr. Nailer and said—

“I hope, my dear Sir, that you will find these boys more docile in future. There is a homely proverb which says, ‘You can catch flies with molasses better than with vinegar.’ It is so with boys. They will bow to love, but harshness excites them to rebellion.”

The fact was, the school-committee had been misled in the selection of the new teacher by the influence of an old citizen of Duncanville, who was his personal friend. The poor man was a good scholar, but a poor teacher, and entirely ignorant of the art of governing boys. He had not learned, that love is a more potent sceptre for King Schoolmaster, than either birch, ferule, or raw hide. Hence, he had never done well as a teacher. But, inasmuch as the boys had done wrong in disregarding his authority, the committee thought proper to stand by him through the term. "*Boys should never rebel against a teacher,*" they said. "If improperly treated, they should complain to their parents, but never attempt to make open war on their teacher, as our boys have done."

This sad affair had a bad influence on Richard. It wrought his worst feelings into a state of violent activity. Hatred to the new master, jealousy against Adolphus, secret gratification because, for once, Guy Carlton had been in fault, and a purpose to revenge himself

on the master, were the evil spirits which now nestled in his breast. With such enemies to contend with, what could his new-born resolutions to be a good and sensible boy be expected to accomplish? We shall see how they fared hereafter.

CHAPTER X.

THE PICNIC.

THE day for little Jessie's picnic arrived. It began with as lovely a morning as ever graced the earth. A bright sun, a gentle, westerly breeze, and moderate heat, made it just right for out-door pleasure.

"It's perfectly beautiful!" said Jessie to her cousin Kate, who had come from New York to spend a few weeks at Glen Morris.

"Yes—it's—a very nice morning," drawled Kate, as she sat, or lolled rather, on the rustic seat which stood in the back piazza. Then turning her eyes, from a hasty glance at the beautiful fields, to Jessie, she added, "You surely don't mean to wear that horrid sun-bonnet, do you, cousin Jessie?"

"Not wear my sun-bonnet! Why not?" asked the little girl, taking off her bonnet and

looking at it, as if seeking to find out what made it the object of her cousin's scorn.

"It's such a shapeless thing; it makes you look like a little fright," replied Kate, with an air of scorn.

"Nobody ever called me a *little fright* before," said Jessie pouting, and still holding the bonnet in her hand.

"I didn't call *you* a little fright, my dear, I think *you* are rather pretty. It's that horrid sun-bonnet that spoils you, and I wouldn't wear it, if I was you, especially as we are to have young gentlemen in our party."

"But it's nice to keep the sun off my face; and you know, Kate, we don't care much for looks when we go to a picnic. We wear common things on purpose, because our clothes will get a little soiled, and may get torn as we ramble about among the bushes."

"Well, you may do as you please, Jessie, of course. I don't mean to make a fright of myself," said Kate, and slowly rising from her seat, she went towards her room with the silly pomp of a spoiled city-child.

Kate Carlton's two great faults were indolence and vanity. Her parents, being rich, foolishly indulged her by granting nearly all her wishes. As a result, she was growing up with feelings and habits which made her both disagreeable to others and unhappy in herself. Jessie's mother had consented to receive her at Glen Morris, for a short summer's visit, with many fears lest her influence over her own lovely Jessie should be evil.

That there was just ground for her fears must be clear to my reader from the above conversation, in which she had sown the seeds of vanity in her cousin's heart. 'I am sorry to add that this seed took quick root and brought forth its evil fruit at once.

As soon as Kate had gone up stairs, Jessie ran to her own room, and stood before the glass. After viewing herself a few moments, she said, in a whisper—

"Kate is half right about this old bonnet. It *is* a homely thing, and it *does* spoil my looks, I really believe." Here Jessie removed the bonnet from her head, and viewing herself in the glass,

added, "I do look prettier without it, and I will wear my silk hat to-day."

Before that little head was covered with the silk bonnet, Uncle Morris was heard at the bottom of the stairs, saying—

"Where is my little gipsy? Is she coming? The company is here, and the carriages are at the door. Come, Jessie!"

"I'm coming, Uncle Morris," cried Jessie, and her nimble fingers tied the bonnet-strings, and fixed the saucy curls that would peep out from beneath it.

After knocking at Kate's door, and telling her it was time to start, Jessie tripped lightly down stairs. Her Uncle Morris stood in the hall. When he saw her gay bonnet, so unfit for a picnic, his eye gave forth a comical gleam, as he remarked—

"Been taking lessons of that fancy doll from New York, eh?"

Jessie blushed and was silent. Her good uncle's greeting made her feel uncomfortable. It was so different from what she knew it would have been if she had worn her sun-bonnet, that

it pained her. To make matters worse, Hugh stepped into the hall, and noticing the gay bonnet, turned to his brother and said—

“I say, Guy, our Jessie’s rigged for picnic in her go-to-meeting hat!”

“What’s that bonnet on for, my child?” asked Mrs. Carlton, as, ready dressed for a start, she crossed the hall in coming from the kitchen.

“Kate told me not to wear my sun-bonnet, mother. She says it makes me look like a horrid fright.”

“Nonsense, child! Go back to your room: take off that hat, and put on your sun-bonnet. Be quick—there’s a dear!”

Jessie pouted and cried, yet dared not disobey, except in spirit. She showed the rebellion of her will, by going up stairs and coming back very slowly. Hence, on her return, the party was mostly seated in the carriages. Only Mary, with impatience in her looks and the last basket of provisions in her hands, and Mrs. Carlton remained—

“Come, my child, let me tie on your



JESSIE IN TROUBLE.

Page 167.

I found she said that she had been doing
 a lot of work in the past few years.

[illegible]

The mother's name and her father's name
are brought into the family as soon as the girl's
heart is signed. The girl's name is
then, and I put it in her name. The girl's
name is then, and I put it in her name.

1. The first step is to identify the problem. This involves understanding the current situation and what needs to be changed.

The boys with the following names were killed in action and their names are placed on the wall of the memorial shrine, which is located in the rear of the building. The names are: (1) William, (2) John, (3) James, (4) Robert, (5) Charles, (6) Thomas, (7) George, (8) Henry, (9) David, (10) William, (11) John, (12) James, (13) Robert, (14) Charles, (15) Thomas, (16) George, (17) Henry, (18) David, (19) William, (20) John, (21) James, (22) Robert, (23) Charles, (24) Thomas, (25) George, (26) Henry, (27) David, (28) William, (29) John, (30) James, (31) Robert, (32) Charles, (33) Thomas, (34) George, (35) Henry, (36) David, (37) William, (38) John, (39) James, (40) Robert, (41) Charles, (42) Thomas, (43) George, (44) Henry, (45) David, (46) William, (47) John, (48) James, (49) Robert, (50) Charles, (51) Thomas, (52) George, (53) Henry, (54) David, (55) William, (56) John, (57) James, (58) Robert, (59) Charles, (60) Thomas, (61) George, (62) Henry, (63) David, (64) William, (65) John, (66) James, (67) Robert, (68) Charles, (69) Thomas, (70) George, (71) Henry, (72) David, (73) William, (74) John, (75) James, (76) Robert, (77) Charles, (78) Thomas, (79) 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Carrie and Alice Sherwood, Bena Bolton and



FIGURE 1. MONK

bonnet," she said, as the still pouting Jessie entered the kitchen.

"I am sorry to see clouds on my Jessie's face this sunshiny morning. I am afraid some wicked thought has crept into her heart," said Mrs. Carlton, as she tied the strings of the poor bonnet, which had never been the occasion of so much sorrow before.

Her mother's gentle words and tender manner brought the better feelings back to the little girl's heart. She sighed, brushed away her tears, and putting up her rosy lips for a kiss, said—

"I have been naughty, mother. I'm good now."

The boys, with Uncle Morris and Mr. Carlton, were packed into a large spring market-wagon, which was nicely dressed with boughs and evergreens for the occasion. There were Richard, Norman, Walter, Adolphus, Hugh, and Guy—as merry a set of lads as ever started on a picnic.

In the family carriage of the Carlton's were Carrie and Alice Sherwood, Bella Norton and

Minnie Harding. Jessie was lifted in. Mrs. Carlton and Mary took their seats, and the party was about to start, when Jessie exclaimed—

“Oh ma, Kate Carlton isn’t here!”

“How tiresome!” said Mrs. Carlton: then turning to Mary she added, “You had better get out, and go after her, Mary!”

Mary obeyed; but it took five minutes to get the little lady into the carriage. When she was seated, Uncle Morris said—

“Miss Kate has kept *fifteen* persons waiting *five* minutes. She has therefore robbed our party of seventy-five minutes of time. I hope she will be more punctual next time. Now let us drive on.”

“The idea,” exclaimed Miss Kate, “of that horrid old Uncle Morris talking to me like that before company!” and putting on a sullen air, the indolent girl refused to speak to any one during the whole ride. Her dignity was hurt. What a silly girl!

But the rest of the party was as joyous as the birds. Jessie, finding all the other young

ladies, except Kate, wore sun-bonnets, soon forgot her little trouble, and was as lively as a fairy at one of Queen Mab's balls. The girls chatted and laughed. The boys were kept full of harmless mirth by Uncle Morris, who continued to mingle so much wit with his wise sayings. The boys agreed he was the "merriest and wisest old gent they had ever known."

The spot selected for their picnic was very pleasant. It was just within a piece of woods which skirted a large common. Whortleberry bushes were abundant everywhere; and while Mrs. Carlton and Mary prepared the dinner, the rest of the party broke up into groups, or wandered off alone with their baskets to pick berries; with the exception of sullen Kate, who kept her seat in the carriage, saying when asked to join in berrying—

"I don't wish to tear my shoes by walking among those horrid bushes, nor to make my face as brown as an Indian's by going out in the hot sun. Indeed, if I had known that you had been coming to this horrid place, I would have stayed at home alone."

It was not possible to reply to such a querulous speech as this. So the girls left her alone in her misery, while they entered with right good will on the work of filling their baskets with huckleberries.

With good health and cheerful spirits, plenty of berries, a sumptuous dinner, pure, balmy air, and Uncle Morris's pleasant humor to elate them, you may be sure the rest of the party enjoyed the day exceedingly. The happy hours flew past on swift wings, and every thing, except Kate's ill-humor, went as merrily as the morning songs of the birds, until, towards the close of the afternoon, our friend Richard fell under the power of his old enemy, the spirit of mischief.

Tired of gathering berries, Richard rambled into the woods with Hugh and Walter. There he picked up a long stick with a knot and a crook at one end. He then found amusement in trying to trip up Walter, by hitching the crook of the stick into the leg of his pantaloons. Failing in this through the agility of Walter, he tried to hook Hugh by the collar. In this

way the three sported awhile, until they came to the opposite side of the strip of woods, where they found a large old pasture which was overgrown with whortleberry bushes. They also found a foot-path leading from the woods into the pasture. At the point where the path entered the woods was a sort of stile, somewhat curiously formed. The trunk of a large tree had divided itself into two arms, at about a foot from the ground. These arms had grown up to a great height, with a slight divergence to the right and left, and were well covered with foliage above. A couple of bars nailed to these two arms formed the stile, while the lower part of the trunk served for a step from which to cross the bars.

"There are two trees growing from one root," said Walter, pointing to the spot.

"I'm going to play the forest-king, and that snug seat up in that tree shall be my throne," said Richard.

"You can't climb as high as that," said Hugh.

"Can't I! Wait a moment. I'll show you what an archer can do."

Agile as a squirrel, and apt as a sailor at climbing, Dick mounted to the fork formed by the lowest branch of the tree, taking his knotted stick with him.

"There!" he cried, lowering the stick so as to command the passage by the stile. "This is my sceptre. I am king here. All ships that trade to the Baltic pay toll, you know, and so all who pass this road must pay me tribute."

"Bah! you shan't make us pay tribute," said Walter playfully.

"Not a red cent," added Hugh laughing.

The two now made a rush at the stile. Richard fought them playfully with his sceptre. Hugh passed with the loss of his cap, but Walter being hooked by the jacket, cried—

"I crave your majesty's pardon, and consent to pay tribute!"

"The tribute I demand is, that you catch yonder intruder on my domains, and bring him within reach of my sceptre, that I may visit him with five thwacks on his shoulders for his impertinence."

"I will obey your majesty," said Walter ;
"but see ! here come two puissant ladies,—
princesses they must be, for they wear crowns.
Will you make them pay tribute?"

Richard looked into the pasture and saw two strapping girls with good-sized baskets on their heads. They had evidently been picking berries in the pasture, and were going home with the spoils. They soon came up, and, to the surprise of the boys, the first mounted the trunk of the tree and crossed the bars, balancing her basket of berries on her head.

As the second approached with her basket, Richard's evil genius whispered within him—

"Hook her basket ! She will think some elfin of the woods has seized it."

The bad impulse was obeyed. Lowering his stick, he hooked the basket by the handle and tried to lift it up. In the effort the stick broke. The basket fell. The berries were scattered over the ground. The astonished girl cried out, as she leaped from the stile and looked around—

"Oh, mine berries ! mine berries !"

Then looking up to Richard, she added—

“Vat for you spill mine berries? You isht a cruel boy,” and the brown-faced German girl burst into tears.

Her companion too, on hearing the fall of her basket and her cry of complaint, had turned suddenly around. Thrown off her guard, she failed to balance her basket, and it fell, scattering the berries about in all directions.

The poor girl gazed a moment with a look of blank despair on the wreck, and without saying one word, began to weep bitterly.

This outburst of tears brought Richard down from his throne very quickly. It also brought his better nature into action again, and he whispered to himself—

“What a fool you are, Richard Duncan! Caught in the old snare again, in spite of all your promises; and you have done a *mean* thing too in upsetting that poor girl’s basket. Plague it! shall I never be any thing better than a silly doer of mischief?”

With these inward queries Richard went to the girls, and after asking numerous questions,

found to his dismay that these poor German girls had no mother. Their father was sickly, and earned but little money. They had been picking berries for sale, and hoped during the season to raise money enough to pay up the rent of their little home. They could therefore ill afford to lose the fruits of that day's toil. Having heard their story, Richard said—

“Don't cry, girls! It's no use to cry for spilt milk, you know. I am sorry I did it, but we will pick up the best of them for you; and if you'll go with us through the woods to our party, we'll give you enough to make up for what will be spoiled.” Then turning to his companions he added, “Come, Hugh! come, Walt! help me pick up these berries.”

The girls joined in picking up the spilled fruit, much of which was spoiled by the dirt as well as bruised by the fall. However, more than a moiety of it was soon picked up. Richard then gave the girls a quarter of a dollar each, which was all the pocket-money he had with him. After this he led them to his party, frankly confessed his misdeed, and obtained

ready permission to fill up the girls' baskets from the spoils of the day. Having thus done what he could towards repairing the mischief he had wrought, he sent the German girls on their way with bright eyes and cheerful smiles.

But his own heart was sad. He had been beaten again by his old enemy, and was fairly discouraged and greatly ashamed. On the way home he sat next to Uncle Morris, to whom he frankly confessed his weakness and his despair. The good old man took him tenderly by the hand, and with all a father's earnestness said—

“Never despair, my boy. Despair is a cowardly feeling. You must be brave. What if your enemy has beaten you! At him again! You have won several victories. You are a far better boy than you were eight weeks ago. Try again. Keep trying. Never give up. You can't be conquered so long as you resolve to keep the field. Hold on, then, bravely. You are sure to conquer if you persevere. I believe you will persevere, and that you will grow up into a generous, noble, useful manhood; but, my dear boy”—and here Uncle Morris's voi

seemed to melt into tenderness—"you *must* seek assistance from God. Prayer and faith are the only chains which can bind the spirit of evil within you."

With many such words did Uncle Morris cheer Richard into new resolutions. And that night when the boy retired he prayed the most earnest prayer of his life. He closed his eyes saying—

"By the grace of God I will conquer myself."

CHAPTER XI.

EXPULSED FROM SCHOOL.

As the summer term of the Academy progressed, the dislike of the boys to their teacher grew stronger. Raw-hide was prime-minister to King Schoolmaster in that little empire. Every offence, from a bad lesson to an unlawful whisper, was punished there by a thwack over the back, or a smart spat or so on the palm. Talking about the school one day, Walter Sherwood, from whom it was impossible to whip out the good-humor, said to a group of his school-mates—

“The Duncanville boys never wore such well-dusted jackets before, as they do this summer.”

“Ha! ha! ha! That’s so,” said Norman Butler, laughing; “and they were never so *modest* before, for they have learned to blush for their faults in the palms of their hands!”

This allusion to the effects of the daily use of the ferule, almost made the hands of the boys tingle again. Nevertheless, they all laughed at Norman's wit, and Richard remarked—

"Yes, and even their very *ears* have learned to blush too."

This reference to Mr. Nailer's habit of pinching and pulling their ears, roused the ire of Adolphus Harding. Looking very cross, he said—

"He is trying to make us into a set of asses, and so he labors to elongate our ears. It wouldn't be good for him, though, to touch mine."

"Why, what would you do?" asked Richard.

"I'd set the toes of my boots to courting his shins," replied Adolphus, looking very cross.

"That would be wrong," said Guy Carlton. So long as our parents allow him to be our teacher, we are bound to submit quietly to his treatment. I guess he won't teach us another term, however, for my father and Uncle Morris both say they have advised the school-committee to dismiss him at the end of the present term."

"Yes," added Richard, "and my father says if we hadn't tried to hustle him out the first day, he would have received his walking-ticket before this. So you see, Mr. Adolphus, what we suffer through you."

"Through me, did you say? Why, you cowardly frump, it was for *your* sake that I did it. He was whipping you into a jelly when I set the boys on," said Adolphus, frowning heavily on the last speaker.

"I know that," replied Richard, "and I am obliged to you, Dolph, for your kind feelings, but I don't think you did right, though, for all that."

"You don't, eh? Well, you are getting to be quite a saint, I know; but whip me, if I think you are half as good a fellow as you were a few months ago, when you were always in for a frolic, right or wrong. Why, if you had half the pluck you had last summer, we should have had this hedgehog they call our teacher out of the school long ago."

Having thus expressed his views, Adolphus turned upon his heel and walked off. He was

a large, spirited boy, and was badly chafed by Mr. Nailer's conduct. True, that gentleman, guided by the instincts of his cowardly spirit, had seen a sleeping lion in this boy's eye, and had never yet touched him with finger, raw hide, or ferule. Yet he felt no less angry, and was vexed because he could not prevail on his old friend Richard to join him in an attempt to get rid of their teacher by open rebellion. This was all wrong, of course. It was more heroic in Richard and Guy to patiently submit to a lawful authority, though it was unwisely exercised, until it was properly set aside, than to attempt to get rid of it by doing wrong themselves, as Adolphus advised. Boys should never forget that one wrong can never be set aside by the commitment of another. Two wrongs cannot make a right.

Still, this conversation had a bad effect on Richard's feelings. Since the affair with the German girls at the picnic, he had kept down his evil genius with rare success. Not once had he played a mischievous prank. He had been diligent in study, steady in his archery practice,

alone in the paddock as well as at the meetings of the club, and careful to keep from the society of his former evil companions. This excellent conduct had delighted his mother. His father, too, was pleased, and had softened in his manners towards him greatly. He even went so far one day as to pat him on the shoulder and to say—

“Richard, I am proud to think I have such a son as you are now getting to be. Only add true piety and perseverance to your outwardly good conduct, and I shall be perfectly satisfied.”

These words of approval from his father greatly encouraged Richard in his struggle with himself. Guy and Uncle Morris had also aided him on with their words of cheer. He was really growing stronger in purpose. Had he only prayed more, and trusted more in the love and grace of the great Teacher than in his own efforts, he would most likely have overcome, instead of falling, as he did, under a new trial that overtook him.

The conversation given above led Richard to some questioning about himself. It made him

indulge in some foolish censures on his own tameness, as he now called it, under Mr. Nail-er's harsh treatment. It excited his resentments against the teacher to a very high degree.

In this dangerous frame of mind he went to school the next morning. Mr. Nail-er seemed to be in one of his worst moods, and this only made Richard feel worse, until he fairly chafed beneath the churlish spirit and austere commands of the teacher.

About the middle of the morning, while the school-room was almost as still as a deserted house, a boy seated next to Richard, in pulling out his handkerchief, dropped an unlucky marble upon the floor. Slowly it rolled across the room, attracting every eye to its progress. The stern-eyed teacher saw it, and supposing Richard to be the culprit, he looked daggers at him, and said—

“Richard Duncan, come here!”

“I didn't drop the marble,” replied the boy, still keeping his seat.

“Don't answer me, sirrah! Come out here!” thundered, or screamed rather, the teacher.

"*I won't !*" said Richard, firmly, his bad temper being fairly roused.

"*You won't, eh ? We'll see about that, Sir,*" rejoined the teacher, waxing very angry, and rushing upon Richard armed with his pitiless raw hide.

Then followed a scene never forgotten by the boys of that Academy. First the incensed teacher tugged his victim by the collar, in vain attempts to pull him from his seat. Bracing his feet and hands against the desk, the boy resisted every effort to dislodge him. Failing in this, the teacher then applied his raw hide to his arms, shoulders, and back, whipping him with great severity a few moments, and then saying—

"Will you come out on to the floor?"

"No, I won't!"

Again the raw hide rained blows upon poor Dick : again came the question—

"Will you come out now, sirrah?"

"No! you shall whip me to death first!" replied Richard.

The beating was renewed until, wearied with

the effort, Mr. Nailer paused, and said, as he went back to his desk—

“I’ll find some way to break your spirit yet, young man. See if I don’t.”

Richard scowled and bit his lips. He said nothing, but it was easy to see that his worst passions were roused. He had resisted his teacher, but had not overcome his own evil heart. Poor Richard was caught again in the snares of his evil genius.

At noon during the recess the boys crowded around him, and praised him for his pluck, as they termed his angry spirit. He was the hero of the hour. Great too was their joy when he turned to Adolphus, and said—

“Dolph, I’ll have my revenge on the tyrant for that. I’ll torment the life out of him.”

“Give me your hand, Dick,” said Adolphus. “That’s spoken like yourself. If you go in for revenge, count on me to help you.”

“And on me too,” cried Norman.

“And me too,” shouted a dozen others.

“But *not* on me,” said Guy. “Revenge is

wrong. It will hurt Richard more than it will the teacher."

"Don't know about that," said Adolphus, interrupting him.

"I do," said Guy. "It will hurt his character, by stirring up his bad feelings. It will offend Him who says 'Avenge not yourselves.' I hope Richard will drop that purpose, and will join me in drawing up a petition to the school-committee complaining of our teacher's conduct. We will all sign it, and maybe we shall thus be rid of a man who is both harsh and unjust. What do you say to that, Richard?"

"I say I won't do any such thing. It wouldn't do any good. Besides, I've made up my mind to torment the tyrant till he's sick of Duncanville."

"You are wrong, and will repent of it if you do," said Guy.

"I don't care. I'll have my revenge!"

"Don't-care is a furious animal, as Uncle Morris says. He'll carry you into ruin if you bestride him."

"It's all very well for you to talk, Mr. Guy," interrupted Adolphus, "you haven't been thrashed for nothing, as Dick was this morning." Then turning to Richard, he added, "Come, Dick, let us go into that grove yonder and lay our heads together. If Guy peaches on us, we'll thrash him."

"Oh, Guy never tells tales," said Richard, laughing. Then joining Adolphus, he walked with him towards the Academy grove.

Poor Richard thus freely gave himself up to his old evil feelings. His good purposes were pitched out of his heart. Moved by revenge, he called all his love of mischief into play, for the purpose of tormenting his unjust and severe teacher. In doing this he injured himself, his school-mates, and his teacher, besides making bitter work for repentance.

After consulting awhile, the two boys slid into the school-house and busied themselves in preparing a trick or two with which to plague their tormentor. When they came out their faces wore an air of mock innocence, which led Norman to observe—

"Look out for some fun this afternoon. I see it in those fellows' faces."

Before the bell ceased tolling every boy was in his place, each one wearing an expectant look, though none, except Richard and Adolphus, knew what was coming.

Mr. Nailer took his seat at his desk, casting his usual stern glance over his pupils. After a few moments he leaned on the top of his desk, when bang, bang, bang, went several torpedoes which Richard and Adolphus had placed under its cover, in small holes which they had dug in the edges with their jack-knives.

The boys kept their eyes upon their books, biting their lips to keep from laughing. The teacher, after recovering from his surprise and looking carefully at the fragments of the torpedoes, rose to his feet and in a loud voice asked—

"Who put those torpedoes under my desk cover?"

No one gave any reply. Every face grew long in an instant. In fact, no one looked up from his books, lest he should be suspected.

This made the master more angry, and, in a voice husky with rage, he said—

“No one shall leave the school until I know who did this.”

Then folding his arms, he tipped his chair backwards, as was his wont, and leaned against the wall. When, oh dire misfortune! the chair gave way, and down he went with a crash and a thump upon the floor. Richard and Adolphus had secretly cut the legs nearly off with a saw which was kept in the coal-closet.

This was too much for the gravity of the boys, and they all burst into a loud laugh. The master slowly picked himself up, and, after brushing the dust from his clothes, examined the legs of his broken chair. Of course he found the cut made by the saw, and knew that he had been the victim of a wicked trick.

Had he been a good judge of human nature he would have known whom to suspect. But as he was not, his suspicions did not fasten upon any one with any degree of certainty. He was puzzled to know how to proceed. At last he hit upon what struck him as a very bright plan.

He resolved to question every boy in the school.

Luckily for the backs of the guilty ones, he addressed Guy Carlton first.

"Did you saw the legs of my chair, Master Guy Carlton?"

Now Guy, while he scorned to be a party to such a wicked trick as had been played off on the master, felt bound, by a high sense of school-boy honor, not to clear himself at the expense of another. Hence he replied—

"If you please, Sir, I must be excused from answering that question."

"You must, eh? Very well, come out here then. If you won't assert your innocence I shall hold you to be guilty," said the teacher.

Guy stepped on the floor with a very quiet manner. The teacher then put his question to Norman Butler, who replied—

"And I too, Sir, decline answering that question."

"Umph! what next? Come out here then," replied the teacher, with a somewhat perplexed air.

The other boys followed the cue of Guy and Norman, and were severally called out, until the whole school stood huddled together in the middle of the room.

What to do next the master knew not. Whip them all he could not. So, after biting his thumb-nail awhile, he sent them all to their places, with his worn-out threat of laying the matter before the committee. And there the matter rested.

Richard and his dangerous friend Adolphus were in great glee that evening, over the great success of this first act in their drama of revenge. They followed it up in various ways. One day they contrived to make him knock his snuff-box from the desk, and thus set the boys into such a fit of sneezing, that Walter afterwards said—

“I expected to see all your noses drop off!”

At another time they secreted a hedge-hog in his desk. A day or two later they contrived to tie a fish-line to the leg of his desk, and to fasten the hook into the tail of his coat, causing him to tear it the next time he undertook to walk

down the room. The next week they employed a rude boy to bring him a box, neatly tied up and addressed to "Professor Nailer." It was brought shortly after school commenced one morning, and the little man's curiosity prompted him to open it, when lo! out jumped a pair of brown squirrels. Their antics and the teacher's blank looks set the school into a roar.

One morning, when the boys entered the school-room, they saw a queer-looking effigy seated in the teacher's chair. An old hat was set above a most hideous mask. The body consisted of the robe which Mr. Nailer wore in the school-room, stuffed with hay. This hideous figure was placed at the desk, with a large hickory stick in its hand.

The boys cast very significant looks at each other as they hurried to their seats. The teacher stood with a vexed and puzzled aspect in front of his desk. The poor man really did not know how to proceed in presence of this new annoyance. He had been so plagued by the many tricks played upon him, that his

spirit—not a very strong one, at best—was broken. He was sick of his school, and longed for the close of his term. He felt that he had some boys to deal with for whom he was no match. Who they were, he had of late begun to suspect, but was unable to prove their connection with any of the many grievous insults he had received. Indeed, he was almost afraid to find proof against Adolphus, for there was something in that boy which made him dread a conflict with him. It was a pity things were so—a pity the stern little man had not learned that love and kindness, when allied to learning, wisdom, and firmness, are sure passports to the heart of almost any boy. It is an easy task to govern where love presides. It would have been so at the Duncanville Academy, as the experience of its previous master had abundantly proven.

After standing silent a full minute, a happy thought seemed to strike him. A smile, as of self-exultation, played around his lips. Without saying a word about the effigy, or attempting to disturb it, he took a chair, and seating

himself at a small desk apart from his proper place, he cast a sinister glance at his scholars and said—

“Attend to your studies!”

The studies of the school went on hour after hour, and no allusion was made to the effigy. The boys wondered, and tipped many a wink of inquiry to each other. What he meant to do none could guess, until, just before noon, he called Guy Carlton to his side, and giving him notes addressed to the several members of the school-committee, he said—

“Master Carlton, you will oblige me by delivering these notes at once.”

“Yes, Sir,” replied Guy, and taking his cap he went out to do his errand.

The clock struck twelve. Mr. Nailer rose, and said with his usual sternness—

“You are dismissed! Leave the room as quickly as you can. If any of you have lunch-con baskets in your desks, take them out now. The room will be locked during recess to-day.”

Out rushed the boys. Mr. Nailer shut and fastened all the windows. He then went out,

locking the door and putting the key in his pocket.

The boys wondered at these unusual proceedings, and watched their teacher's steps as he went off in a direction opposite to that of his boarding-house. In a few moments he entered the only fancy store in the village. Then Adolphus looked very red, and turning to Richard, whispered—

“The game's up, Dick! He's gone in to old Makemoney's to find out if we bought that mask there which is on that effigy. The old fellow will tell him we did, and that'll fix us.”

“Don't care!” muttered Richard, as, with his hands in his pockets and his eyes fixed on the ground, he walked off, whistling a mournful tune and looking very unhappy.

For once the teacher had found the right track. Mr. Makemoney said he had sold a very hideous-faced mask to Adolphus and Richard two or three evenings before. It could be identified by the letters *ar—pt*, which were his private price-marks, placed just inside its edge at the top. After making a note of these

facts, the teacher left the store and went to his dinner.

With the opening of the afternoon session came the school-committee, brought together by the notes sent them through Guy. They looked at the effigy with surprise and sorrow. The teacher then related the story of the tricks played off upon him during the last four weeks. The committee was indignant. One of them asked—

“Do you know who has been guilty of these almost unheard of tricks, Sir?”

“I suspect those two boys,” he replied, pointing to Richard and Adolphus, “but have no proof except with regard to the effigy. I can prove they had a hand in that.”

He then read his notes of Mr. Makemoney's statements. The hat was taken from the effigy, the mask removed, and the private marks found.

“It's plain as a pikestaff they did it,” observed one of the committee. Then addressing the two culprits, he said—

“Do you deny your guilt, boys?”

"No," replied Adolphus doggedly.

"What did you do it for?"

"'Cause he's a tyrant. He's always whipping and slashing us; and he whipped Dick like mad, for nothing, one day. We did it for revenge."

"How about the other tricks—did you do them?"

"Perhaps we did, and perhaps we didn't. When *he* proves we did, we will confess, and not before."

Many other questions were put both to Adolphus and Richard, but without eliciting any thing further from them. Still, the committee felt very sure from their manner that they were the chief, if not the sole actors in the numerous plagues which had annoyed the teacher. Hence, after consulting together awhile in a recitation-room, they returned. Taking his place at the desk lately occupied by the effigy, one of the gentlemen said—

"We regret that Adolphus and Richard, by their own admissions, have been guilty of insulting their teacher and violating the order of

the school. Boys have no right to take the law into their own hands, nor to avenge their wrongs, whether real or imaginary. If your teacher errs, complain to us through your parents, and we will protect you, but never treat him with personal disrespect. By placing this effigy here, these two boys have done a wrong, silly, unlawful, insulting thing. We suspect they have perpetrated other equally foolish and wicked tricks. But this is proved upon them. We cannot overlook it. We require them to offer an apology to Mr. Nailer in open school, and to promise to treat him hereafter with the respect which is due to the office he fills. What say you, Adolphus? will you make an apology and give us your promise?"

"I won't do either," said Adolphus firmly.

"And I'm sure I won't," added Richard.

"Then, in the name of the committee, I expel you both from the school?"

This was uttered very solemnly by the speaker, and followed by an address which brought tears into the eyes of every boy, except the guilty culprits.

As for them, they accepted their disgrace in the worst possible spirit, and walked out of the house stamping the floor and looking so brazen faced, that one of the committee sighed, and said—

“I fear those lads are candidates for the State’s Prison.”

There was great danger in the reckless spirit which had taken possession of the boys. In Richard’s case, a sad change had come over him since his whipping. He had given himself up to his wrong feelings, had forsaken Glen Morris and the archery club, had joined himself to Idle Jem again, had become a dread to Dinah, a grief to his mother, and an object of very bitter disappointment to his father. Thus by his folly he had greatly injured himself and brought sorrow into the hearts of his friends.

CHAPTER XII.

CONQUERING BY KINDNESS.

"KATE is homesick," said Mrs. Carlton at the breakfast-table, the morning after the expulsion of Richard and Adolphus. "I have learned that she sits at her chamber window, gazing on the stars, and fretting to go home, until a late hour, every night."

"What has caused her to feel *so*?" inquired Mr. Carlton.

"You need not ask that," said Uncle Morris. "The trouble is in herself. The little butterfly hasn't room to display her colors at Glen Morris. She pines for Broadway, and the society of girls and boys as gay and silly as herself. Her disease is vanity irritated by idleness. You had better take her home, brother."

"That is my opinion," rejoined Mrs. Carlton.

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THE HOME-SICK GIRL.

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"She is too quiet for her habits. Jessie and I have tried our very best to make her visit pleasant. We don't succeed even in keeping her from being wretched. She had better go home!"

"We don't love anybody here," interposed Guy.

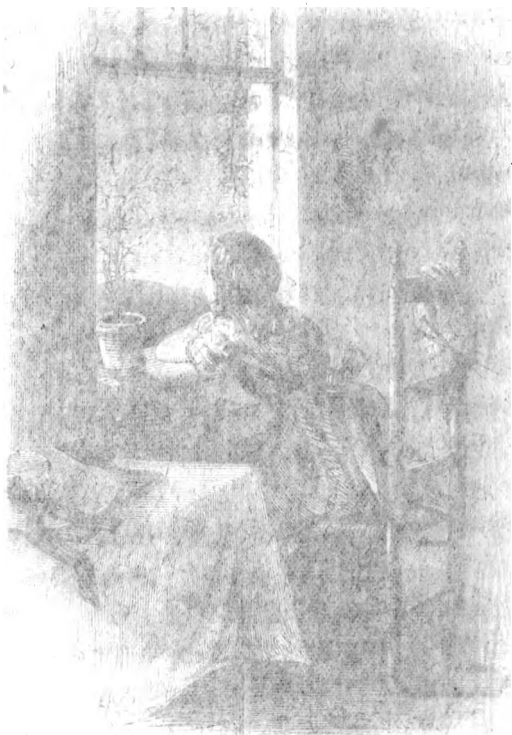
"Leave Mrs. King alone," added Uncle Morris, "and that will leave us the better room for the guests who have returned."

"They will have been here about half an hour," said Kate, "and her father this morning."

"I wish she could as easily throw off her evil nature as we can rid ourselves of her company," observed Uncle Morris, as little John ran into the room to tell Kate to get ready to go home.

"An evil nature is like the leprosy. It clings too closely to be shaken off like a loose scale," said Mr. Carlton.

"Here is an example of that in the case of poor Richard Duncan," added Guy, looking



THE FINEST OF THE

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"The girl's disposition is unhappy, and Glen Morris too quiet for her habits. Jessie and I have tried our very best to make her visit pleasant. We don't succeed even in keeping her from being wretched. She had better go home."

"She don't love anybody here," interposed Jessie.

"Except Miss Kate Carlton," added Uncle Morris; "and that selfishness is the bitter root of her misery and home-sickness."

"Very well. I see how it is. Send word to her that I will take her home this morning," said Mr. Carlton.

"I wish she could as easily throw off her selfish character, as we can rid ourselves of her company," observed Uncle Morris, as little Jessie left the room to tell Kate to get ready to go home.

"An evil nature is like the leprosy. It clings too closely to be shaken off like a loose garment," said Mr. Carlton.

"We have an example of that in the case of poor Richard Duncan," added Guy, looking

very sad; "I really believe he tried hard to be a good boy, and he was good—real good, for a little while, but now he is worse than ever. I'm so sorry he's expelled. I don't know what to do. I'm afraid he'll never be good again."

"Never despair! never despair!" replied Uncle Morris; "there are good traits in that boy's nature, as you have proved already, Guy. You mustn't give up yet."

"Mustn't I! What can I do now?"

"Let him know you still have faith in him. Send him an invitation to meet with the archery club this afternoon, and to take tea with you afterwards."

"I will do it with pleasure, if pa and ma will consent."

"Certainly, we will," said Mr. Carlton; "we will consent to any thing that is likely to save that precious boy from ruin."

"Thank you, Father," replied Guy; "I will call at his house on my way to school."

"I prefer you should write the invitation and let me be the bearer of it," said Uncle Morris.

"Yes, Sir; that will be better than for me to

leave it. I'll go into the library, and write it directly;" and Guy, having finished his breakfast, rose and left the room.

Miss Kate now made her appearance, looking more cheerful than she had done since the day of her arrival at Glen Morris.

"Will you be ready to start in fifteen minutes, my dear?" asked Mr. Carlton.

"Yes, Uncle, in five, if you wish. I wouldn't miss the cars for ten thousand dollars," replied Kate.

"Indeed! not very complimentary to the company you are leaving," said Uncle Morris.

"Oh, I like you all very well, but I want to see my pa and ma—"

"And to walk in Broadway, and flutter in silk at evening parties," said Uncle Morris, laughing, and interrupting her.

"You are a great tease, Uncle Morris," rejoined Kate, pouting, and looking slightly angry.

"Perhaps so—perhaps so," said the old gentleman rising; "and yet, Kate, the time may come, in which you will regard the great tease,

as the best friend you have in the world. But good-by, now, good-by."

With these prophetic words, the good old man left the room, and entered the library. Guy had finished his note to Richard. Here is a copy of it.

GLEN MORRIS COTTAGE,

Thursday morning.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I and my brother wish very much to see you at the meeting of our club, this afternoon. We also request your company to tea, and to spend the evening at our house. Pa and ma, with Jessie and Uncle Morris, unite in this latter request. You must not disappoint us.

I am, as ever,

Your friend,

GUY CARLTON.

TO RICHARD DUNCAN, JR.

"Do you think he will come, Uncle?" asked Guy, as he gave Uncle Morris the note, nicely folded and addressed.

"To be sure he will. Kindness can rule that

boy, as surely as harshness can ruin him. You know I once thought he had a hard, selfish heart, but we have seen enough of him since to know that, in spite of his evil traits, he has some generous and noble dispositions. We shall make a good boy of him yet, Heaven helping us."

"Well, I hope we shall," said Guy rather faintly.

"Out with your faint heart!" cried Uncle Morris, laughing, "or I'll petition Corporal Try to drum you out of the Try Company."

Guy laughed, and hurrying out of the room, joined his brother, and started for school.

Uncle Morris, after seeing Kate off, also went out. He first visited the five gentlemen composing the committee of the Academy, each of whom agreed to remove the sentence of expulsion from Richard and Adolphus, whenever they would apologize to Mr. Nailer for their bad conduct. In view of the really censurable method of the teacher, they also consented that the apology might be made in a note, to be read before the school.

Having settled these points to his satisfaction, Uncle Morris called at the residence of Mr. Duncan. He found that gentleman smarting under a sense of his son's disgrace, and badly vexed at his misconduct. The affair had made Mrs. Duncan so sick, that she could not leave her room.

After a long and friendly talk with the father, Uncle Morris asked to see the culprit.

"He is in his chamber," said Mr. Duncan. "I have shut him up there as a punishment, but you may see him. Here is the key, Sir. I will show you to his door."

On entering Richard's room, Uncle Morris found him seated by the table. His elbows rested on the edge of the table, his face was buried in his hands. He neither looked nor moved when his visitor entered the room.

Uncle Morris drew a chair to his side, and after seating himself placed his hand upon his head very gently, and said in tones of tenderness—

"Richard, my dear boy, I have come to tell you that I still have faith in you."

The boy groaned, and shook with emotion, but did not speak.

"Richard, my son, I have brought you an invitation to take tea, and to spend this evening with my niece and nephews, at Glen Morris. Here is a note from Guy about it."

Richard sobbed, but did not move his hands nor utter a word. Then Uncle Morris said—

"Richard—"

"Yes, Sir."

"Do you think you did right in playing tricks on your teacher?"

"No, Sir."

"Do you think such conduct could be allowed without rebuke in any school?"

"No, Sir."

"Don't you think, then, that the committee did right in expelling you?"

"I s'pose they did, Sir."

"Well, I've seen the committee this morning. They agree to remove the sentence, if you will offer a written apology to the teacher for your offence. Will you do it?"

"I will, Sir," and as he said this his chest

heaved, he burst into tears, and dropping his arms upon the table he buried his face in them, and wept like a little child in the anguish of some great, first sorrow. Kindness had conquered him.

Uncle Morris did not disturb this outburst of grief. When it had somewhat subsided, he gently raised him, and drawing his head against his shoulder, talked freely and kindly with him for over an hour.

In this long conversation, Richard confessed himself to be the chief inventor of the many tricks recently played off on the teacher, and gave Uncle Morris a full account of all the feelings and influences which had led to his fall.

"It's partly the fault of our cross teacher," he said, "but I am most to blame. I will try to do better next time, if God will help me."

"He will, he will, my son, if you ask him, depend on that. But now for that apology," replied Uncle Morris.

Richard took his writing materials and wrote the following note :

DUNCANVILLE, Thursday Morning.

DEAR SIR:

I acknowledge, with regret, that I was the chief mover, in the many annoyances to which you have been subjected of late. I am sorry they ever occurred. If you will accept this apology, and permit me to share again in the benefits of your instruction, I pledge my honor not to violate the order and propriety of the school hereafter. I am, dear Sir,

Very respectfully yours,

RICHARD DUNCAN, JR.

TO JOSEPH NAILLER, ESQ.

“Capital! very prettily expressed. I’ll arrange matters now, so that you can go to school this afternoon just as if nothing unpleasant had occurred. I will see you again, however, before noon.”

Uncle Morris now hurried away on his errand of love to the Academy. He sought and obtained a private interview with the teacher in a recitation-room. By his arguments, by his information respecting the will of

the committee in the case, and by Richard's note, Uncle Morris soon succeeded in persuading the Master to readmit the penitent boy. At Mr. Nailer's request, the old gentleman read the note before the school, adding such observations as drew tears from many eyes. When he closed his remarks, the teacher said—

“Now, boys, resume your studies, and remember, when Master Duncan comes again, to say nothing to him about this unpleasant affair. Let by-gones be by-gones.”

“That was the most sensible speech he ever made,” whispered Guy to Norman Butler, during the moment of confusion which always accompanies a return to study after an address in a school.

“He's been taking a lesson from that wise old uncle of yours,” muttered Norman.

“Silence!” shouted the teacher, as the door closed on the retreating figure of Uncle Morris.

On his return, the dear old man called on Richard and told him of his success with Mr. Nailer. The boy listened and wept. Warmly grasping his hand, he said—

"You have saved me, Mr. Morris! you have saved me! When you came into my room this morning, I felt more wicked than you can imagine. I thought everybody was against me, and that I would, therefore, be just as ugly and mischievous as I could. I was resolving to go with Adolphus and Jem Townsend into all manner of wickedness. But when you touched me so gently and spoke to me so kindly, and, especially, when you told me of Guy's invitation to Glen Morris, and of your visit to the committee, I broke down. I couldn't feel wicked any longer, for I saw that you and Guy loved me, and a wish rose in my heart to make myself worthy of your love."

"You will act worthy of yourself hereafter, I feel that you will," replied Uncle Morris, brushing a tear or two from his eyes; "but compose yourself now, my dear boy. Get ready for school after recess, and don't fail to meet with the archery club, and to take tea at Glen Morris this afternoon. Above all, my son, fail not to ask the Great Teacher to give you pardon for the past and strength for the future."

Richard followed this sensible advice, and began his new attempt at self-conquest by reading a chapter in his Bible, and by simple, honest, fervent prayer.

This was beginning right, for no one ever was or ever will be able to conquer his evil habits and dispositions without help from his Maker. A good life must grow out of the new heart which God alone can give. As the wise man once said, It is the fear of the Lord which tendeth to life; and he that hath it shall abide satisfied, he shall not be visited with evil.

You need not fancy that even after this right beginning, it cost Richard no inward struggles to go back to school, for he had a hard fight with his feelings before he brought himself to set out. "What will the boys think?" "How will the teacher treat me?" "How can I hold up my head among them?"—these, and sundry other questions rose in his mind and would not depart without an answer. At last, after a hard conflict, Richard resolutely rose up, and said—

"It's no use to talk about it, for go I will,

just because it's right to go! What if our fellows do quiz me! What if the Master does look sneeringly at me! The worst thing any of them can do won't be half as bad as it would be for me to go on in my wrong courses. I'll go to school!"

With this manly purpose, the earnest, penitent boy started for the Academy. On the way he met Adolphus, who ran up to him, and slapping him playfully on the arm, said—

"Why, Dick, they say you have *confessed*! Is that so?"

Richard winced under this remark a moment, but quickly recovering himself, he replied—

"It is, Dolph. I've had enough of this going down hill, and I've made up my mind to stop just where I am, and to see if I can't do right, as Guy Carlton does. I wish you would do so to, Dolph?"

"What! turn saint and confess to Priest Nailer? Not I! I'd be sent to—to—to—well—I'd be sent to Texas first."

"Come, Dolph, do apologize—but there's the bell. I must run. Good-by."

"Good-by, good-by, *Saint* Richard!" was the sneering reply of Adolphus. But while the sneer was on his lips, a still small voice whispered in his breast, "Richard's right! Richard is right, and you are *wrong*!"

Richard reached the Academy in season to rush in with the living torrent as the bell ceased. Smiles, pleasant faces, and kind words greeted him on every side. It was evident that no one despised him for making his apology. As for the teacher, his eye was just as cold, his manner just as stern, and his words just as harsh as ever. But there was nothing special in his manner towards Richard, except, a slight momentary gleam of exultation in his eye when it met him as he stood up to recite. After that the boy was relieved. The bitterness of his penitence was past. It did not pain him half so much as did the wrong acts over which he mourned. It never does, for there is nothing so painful as the feelings of a wrong-doer.

CHAPTER XIII.

RICHARD CONQUERS ADOLPHUS.

RICHARD met with the archery club after school, and acted the part of Lieut. Little John with his wonted spirit and skill. He made so many good shots that the boys were surprised, none of them being aware of his private practice in his father's paddock.

"Guy must look sharp, or he won't win that pitcher," said Norman Butler to Walter Sherwood, as they walked home together.

"Dick did shoot well, that's a fact. I don't see how he did it; he hasn't met with us for several weeks before. Why, he beat all of us except Guy, and came precious near beating him. Between the two there's no chance left for us, Norman."

"I suppose not, but it's good fun to meet with the club; so if we don't win the prize, we

can enjoy the fun, and learn to acquire a little skill in archery, to boot. That's something."

Yes, that was something. Innocent pleasure, and skill in the use of the bow, are prizes not readily won in ordinary boy-companionships. Moreover, there was a spirit in that archery club, which was silently working out nobler character in its members,—albeit they knew it not at the time. The spirit and example of Uncle Morris and Guy were making them better boys, while constant practice was training them to be expert archers.

Richard spent the evening at Glen Morris. Guy and Hugh, aided by Jessie, did their utmost to make him happy, and he enjoyed himself finely. Just before he left, Uncle Morris said to him—

"What is to be done with your friend Adolphus? Can't you get him to apologize to Mr. Nailer, so that he may be permitted to return to school again?"

"I don't know, Sir. Adolphus is very high-spirited. I wish he would yield. I'd give a good deal to see him back again."

"I know who is the most likely person to persuade him to offer an apology."

"Who, Sir?" asked Richard, with a slightly puzzled expression.

"A young gentleman named Richard Duncan," replied Uncle Morris, smiling.

"Me, Sir!"

"Yes, you, my dear boy. Adolphus likes you. He joined you in playing tricks on Mr. Nailer, quite as much because of his partiality for you, as because of his dislike to his teacher. Now, since you have a warm place in his heart, you can more readily bring him to do his duty than any other person in Duncanville. It is a short distance from a boy's heart to his will."

"I don't see how that can be, Mr. Morris," replied Richard, looking very thoughtful. "Adolphus is mad with me for 'caving in,' as he calls my apology. He called me *Saint* Richard to-day, when I advised him to do as I told him I was going to do."

"Never mind that. He was perhaps more vexed with himself than with you, when he

made that mocking remark. I'll be bound that in his heart he wishes he had followed your example. At any rate, it is your duty to do all you can to bring him back to school. Should he remain expelled, I fear he will join Idle Jem's crew, fall into bad habits, and be ruined."

"I'll try what I can do, Mr. Morris," said Richard, resolutely.

"That's nobly spoken, my son!" rejoined Uncle Morris, rising and patting his head: "and to aid you in winning him, here is a note inviting him to join your archery club, as soon as he has recovered his standing as a scholar in the Academy."

Richard took the note, and wishing his kind friends at the cottage "good-night," returned home, filled with the idea of winning Adolphus over to the right, the manly, and the true.

Adolphus was not a vicious boy. He was bold, active, fond of excitement, always ready for a frolic, and easily led by kindness. But he had a strong will, which, when once roused by opposition, was not easily subdued. His teacher's unusual and unwise conduct had excited

his worst and strongest feelings. It had awakened in him a spirit of revenge, prompted by which he had joined Richard in the mischievous tricks, by which Mr. Nailer had been so sadly tormented.

A day or two passed before Richard met with him, although he called at his house several times. Being vexed with himself, and conscious that he had done wrong, it was quite natural that he should avoid the Academy boys generally, and Richard in particular. They met at length, however, under circumstances not very favorable to Richard's success.

Adolphus was playing base-ball with Idle Jem and his set, in a field just out of the village. That worthy had the ball in his hand, as Richard leaped over the fence for the purpose of speaking to his friend. As soon as Jem saw him, he turned from the batsman, and as he threw the ball at Richard, said—

“See, I’ll give Saint Richard a shot!”

Richard dodged the ball, and without saying a word to Jem, walked straight up to his friend, and said—

"Dolph, I want you. Come over to my house, will you?"

"Don't go, Dolph," said Jem Townsend, as he and the other boys gathered round Richard and Adolphus; "he's as proud as a rooster, and thinks himself too good to 'sociate with such fellers as we are, when his good fit comes on. If I was you, I'd lick him for peachin' to the master."

"So would I," added young White, who was Jem's constant companion. "I'd take the starch out of the little gentleman's dickey in less than no time, if he had peached on me."

"He's what I call a chicken-hearted covey for knucklin' down to that old tyrant at the 'Cade-my. I'd pull a few of his fine feathers out if I was you, Dolph," said Noll Crawford, another of Jem's crew.

"Yes, do, Dolph, pitch into him! We'll make a ring, and see fair play," cried Peter Mink, who also belonged to Jem's idle gang.

"See how white he looks!" said Jem, striking Richard's chin with his forefinger as he spoke.

These taunts roused Richard's spirit. He did not want to fight, for his errand was one of peace. But the speeches of these rude boys were to his feelings what the stings of hornets are to the body. As for Adolphus, he looked chuffy and stood gazing doubtfully at Richard, as if disputing with himself whether it were better to make war, or to reply to him in the spirit of conciliation. A still small voice in his heart advised the latter course, but his pride, and his anger at Richard, urged him to fall in with the advice of his evil counsellors. His course was soon decided, however, by what followed.

"Hands off!" said Richard, pushing Jem's hand from his chin. Then turning to his friend, and producing Uncle Morris's note, he added—

"Adolphus, I didn't come here to fight you, for I want we should be friends. I have brought you a note from Mr. Morris."

Idle Jem snatched the note from his hand, and tried to tear it in two, saying—

"What do you think Dolph cares for that

meddling old curmudgeon. I'll send his note on a voyage to the stars."

"No you don't!" cried Adolphus, in a voice which showed that Jem had gone too far. Then suddenly seizing his arms with the grip of a young giant, he added—

"That note is *mine*. Drop it into Dick's hand, or I'll twist your arms into a rope!"

Jem Townsend was a coward at heart. The fire in the eyes of Adolphus, together with the firmness of his grip, warned him that his master stood before him. So dropping the note, he said—

"Don't get mad as a hornet for nothin', Dolph."

"Do you call it nothing to tear my letter?" retorted the now angry boy. Then taking the torn note in one hand, and Richard's arm in the other, he said, "Come, Dick, let us leave these gumps. I want to read that old man's letter."

The two boys then walked away, followed by the hootings of the idle gang, who were badly vexed at seeing Adolphus led off so easily.

"Never mind them! Their barking won't hurt you a bit, but their company might do you a great deal of harm. Mr. Morris says a decent boy can't play with Idle Jem's crew without being made wicked; and if he could avoid that, he's sure to share the fate of poor Tray, and be counted a bad fellow because found in bad company."

Thus spoke Richard, when his companion, goaded by the hootings of the other boys, paused and turned half round, as if intending to chastise them for the insult. Yielding, however, to his friend, he moved on again, saying—

"You are right, Dick. That game is not worth the shot it would take to bring it down."

"Just so! Mr. Morris says, fighting or quarrelling with bad boys is like wrestling with sweeps. It costs less to endure their insults than it does to brush off the soot you are sure to get on you while whipping them. Come, let us step behind yonder house, and read the note."

The two boys now walked rapidly out of the field. A spring over the fence, and a brief walk beyond, placed them out of sight of the

ugly ball-players, and left them at leisure to talk over their own affairs.

Adolphus opened the note, and holding its torn parts together, read as follows:—

GLEN MORRIS COTTAGE,

Tuesday morning.

MY DEAR BOY :

From what I have heard about you from my young friend, Richard Duncan, I have been led to form a high estimate of your abilities, and to conclude that you have traits of character which only need to be properly trained to make you a valuable member of society. For these reasons, I wish my nephews to enjoy the benefits of your companionship, and I therefore, in their behalf, invite you to become a member of the Robin Hood Archery Club, as soon as you have recovered your *status* at the Academy. They will look for you to-morrow at four o'clock, at Glen Morris, when you will allow me the pleasure of presenting you with a bow and arrows. I am

Your friend,

MARTIN MORRIS.

To Master ADOLPHUS HARDING.

"Umph! That's cool. Why, the old gentleman takes it for granted that I shall make my apology to old Nailer right off—"

"To be sure he does. He's got faith in you, Dolph. He believes that you will do the manly thing," said Richard, interrupting him. •

"Do you call it *manly* to get on to your knees to that little bunch of thistles they call our teacher?"

"I call it *manly to do right*," rejoined Richard firmly.

"Well, I s'pose it is, but—*is* it—*can* it be *right* to apologize to such a man? Answer me that, Mr. Richard."

"Uncle Morris says it is always right to apologize for a fault; and much as Mr. Nailer is to blame for his harsh ways, we certainly did wrong when we played tricks upon him."

"Well, I'll agree to apologize to him for the wrong I've done to him, when he begs our pardon for the wrongs he has done to us. Isn't that fair? It's a bad rule that won't work both ways, eh?" and Adolphus chuckled as he thought of the skill with which he had put his case.

“No doubt it would be just for him to offer us an apology for his harsh words and unjust acts. You blame him for not doing it. But why not blame yourself by the same rule? Why not do *your* duty without regard to what he does? As Mr. Morris says, ‘Two wrongs cannot make one right.’”

Adolphus felt it a great honor to receive a note from such a highly respectable personage as Uncle Morris. His vanity was flattered by it. He was anxious also to be admitted into the archery club, of which he had heard so much from Norman, Walter, and others. Moreover, his conscience prompted an apology as a duty he owed, both to himself and to his teacher. Then his self-respect was wounded by the fact that he stood before the village in the character of an expelled student. He was a shrewd boy, and had noticed that the low boys of the place, like Idle Jem, took liberties with him since his expulsion, which they had never dared to take before. They seemed to take it for granted, now, that he was one of them.

These facts and feelings prepared him to lis-

ten to Richard's persuasions with candor, as they walked together to Mr. Duncan's house. Richard took him to his own room, and gave him a full account of his own feelings. He told him all about the visit of Uncle Morris, of its effects on his feelings, and of the good times he enjoyed at Glen Morris. He wound up by saying—

“I can't tell you how much good it did me to write that apology. It was like having a heavy weight lifted off my heart, and I have felt happy ever since. I feel better every way, and have made up my mind to be of some use in the world, instead of walking in the path of idleness, mischief, and misery, as I used to do.”

“I'll do it!” cried Adolphus, when Richard ceased speaking.

“Will you *really*?”

“I will! split my best peg-top if I don't!”

“Oh, I'm so glad, Dolph! We'll have such good times at Glen Morris, and as to our ugly teacher, he's going to quit at the end of the term, and our old one is coming back again.”

"Is he?"

"He is. I heard my father say so yesterday."

"Good! I never had any trouble with him. He's a gentleman, every inch of him. There'll be good times at the Academy when Mr. Pear-sall comes back. I've a great mind to wait until he opens before I try to get into school again. It goes against my grain to beg that old Nail-er's pardon. I declare it does."

"But you can't join the archery club in that case," suggested Richard.

"Confound it! I can't, can I?" Then, after beating time with his foot on the floor, and musing a few moments, he sprang to his feet, and said—

"I—will—do it! Give me a sheet of note-paper, Dick."

The paper was given him. He wrote a note and handed it to his friend.

Richard read it, smiled, and said, "That's a capital note. I'll take it to Mr. Morris. He will give it to the Master. You come to school to-morrow morning, and it will be all right."

The boys parted after a few minutes' chat. Adolphus went home whistling a merry air, and looking more cheerful than he had done since his expulsion. While he was busying himself collecting his books, in readiness for the morrow, his mother entered the room. Addressing her, he said—

“Mother, I've sent an apology to Master Nailer!”

“Have you, my son! I am delighted to hear it. To see you back at the Academy with honor, will relieve my heart of the heaviest burden it has carried for years,” replied Mrs. Harding, with an expression of gladness which went thrilling through the spirit of her son and melted him to tenderness.

“Mother, I'm sorry I made you feel bad; but I won't do it again, see if I do.”

“May the God of all grace help you to keep your resolution,” was that happy mother's reply.

“It pays to do right, I do really believe,” mused the boy, after his mother left the room.

The next morning Richard's face was radiant.

The master had promised to receive Adolphus, Richard carried him the news, and walked with him to school. The boys greeted Adolphus very warmly. The master, at the suggestion of Uncle Morris, refrained from reading the note. He merely said—

“Adolphus Harding, having apologized for his misconduct, is readmitted.”

A momentary feeling of confusion passed through his heart, but it was followed by a high sense of self-satisfaction, which more than atoned for all the pains of humiliation.

As Richard turned his eyes upon his lesson, his heart whispered, “How much more pleasant it is to lead others right, than to walk with them in evil paths!”

CHAPTER XIV.

RICHARD DOES A NOBLE DEED.

THE bright summer months had rolled away. Nut-brown autumn had come rich in golden harvests to the farmers in and around Duncanville. The summer term of the Academy had come to an end. Mr. Nailer had left the place, with his raw hide and ferule, never to return. The boys were enjoying a short vacation, and the coming trial of their skill in archery was the almost sole topic of their talk and dreams. The day of contention for the prize of the silver pitcher was near at hand. Richard was doing well. Since the affair with his teacher, he had been winning golden opinions from all the parties interested in his well-doing. Uncle Morris was getting to be quite charmed with him, for now that Richard's old spirit of mischief was changed into an innocently mirthful sprite, he

was a very attractive boy, especially to an old gentleman of Mr. Morris's humor. What was better still, his new habits of prayer and trust in God had brought all his better feelings into a state of activity. He was kind, gentle, truthful, and diligent, instead of cruel, rude, false, and idle, as when the reader was first introduced to him. His father, relieved of his former fears in his behalf, now felt an honest pride in his conduct. His mother made him more than ever the child of her warmest affections. Guy loved him, Mr. Carlton began to respect him. Even the villagers who knew him, spoke words of praise when he passed them. Was not Richard a happy boy?

One morning as he was passing along the village street he met Adolphus, who seemed quite excited, and said to him—

“Dick, have you heard the news?”

“What news?”

“Why, Harry Randall's father is to be sold out by the sheriff to-day.”

“Sold out by the sheriff! What's that for?” asked Richard with an expression of surprise.

"It's all come about through the loss of his horse and carry-all last summer. After losing his horse, he couldn't go to the city with his garden-stuff without hiring a team. Well, that didn't pay, and so when rent-day came round he wasn't in funds, and the long and short of the matter is, the sheriff is going to sell him out to-day, and he's going to move into that little shanty at the top of Crooked Lane, where old Grub the drunkard used to live."

"Dear me! I'm so sorry!" exclaimed Richard, striking his leg with his hand. Then, after looking down in a musing attitude a few moments, he added, "It's partly my fault!"

"What's partly your fault?" replied Adolphus, puzzled at the unusual manner of his friend.

"Why, this sale of Randall's things. You see, I was with Harry when the horse, Old Bones as we called him, was killed. I knew Mr. Randall was poor, and promised Harry I would ask my father to give him one of our old horses at the farm. I soon forgot all about it, however. Now, if I had got him another horse

this wouldn't have happened; and so I'm to blame, you see."

"I don't see any such thing," said Adolphus, who was for taking a merely business view of the affair. "You didn't kill the old horse, and I've heard that your father did pay for fixing up the broken carry-all. Seems to me *that* was paying pretty dear for your share in the matter, for Bob Spoke, the wheelwright's apprentice, told me it cost your father ten dollars. I don't see how *you* are to blame for this sale."

"Well, I do, because I might have prevented it; and I will now, if I can."

"*You* prevent it, indeed! Guess your purse isn't quite big enough for that," said Adolphus, in a tone which indicated wonder at Richard's proposal, and doubt of his ability to achieve it.

"Maybe not, Dolph, but I know whose is; and I tell you, Adolphus Harding, that sale shan't take place," replied Richard, planting his foot firmly on the ground, and looking at his companion with flashing eyes.

"You talk mighty big to-day, Master Dick!

Brag may be a big dog, but you'll find the sheriff isn't afraid of his teeth."

"That's true, Dolph, but Pay-up is a dog whose bark will make even a sheriff haul down his red flag quick as no time. But we mustn't stand here talking chaff. Will you go with me down to Randall's?"

Adolphus consented, and away they went, walking rapidly to Mr. Randall's house.

There they found the red auction flag stuck into a hole on the top of the gate-post, in front of the neat little garden which adorned the front of the house. A bill pinned to the flag, and posted on the fence, told that certain portions of the goods and chattels of Mr. Henry Randall, which had been mortgaged to secure the rent of the cottage, were to be sold that day at twelve o'clock.

After reading the bill, Adolphus exclaimed—

"I say it's a downright shame that old Squire Grab should sell out such an honest man as Mr. Randall is. Why, the old fellow is almost as rich as your father, Dick. He owns five or six farms, ever so many houses in the

city, and they say he has lots of money in the banks. And yet he's going to sell this poor fellow's cow, and carriage, and other things, just because he's a little behind with his rent! It's cruel! and I for one would like to help pour a little melted gold down the old chap's throat, until he cried Enough."

"Better pour a little love into his heart," replied Richard, as he walked in at the open door of the cottage.

Inside, every thing was in confusion. In one room they found two men, drawing up and numbering a list of the articles contained in the mortgage. In another was Mr. Randall himself, busied in packing up what the law had left him. He looked pale and sad, while his wife sat weeping in an old wooden rocking-chair in the corner. She had just finished her part of the preparation for moving, and was ready to go to the wretched shanty which was hereafter to be their home. But the act of turning her back on her pleasant little cottage, with the thought of the poverty into which she and her family had fallen, was too much for her. She

sunk into the chair, and burying her face in her hands, gave expression to her long pent-up feelings in a flood of tears.

It was just at this moment that Richard entered with his friend. The sad looks of the poor man, and the tears of the stricken woman, pained his heart sorely, while his conscience whispered, "See what an act of disobedience on the part of this man's son has accomplished! And you shared in that act!"

Brushing a tear from his eye, and coughing the huskiness from his throat, Richard went up to Mr. Randall, and grasping his hand, said—

"Cheer up, Mr. Randall. I've called to see if any thing can be done to prevent your goods from being sold."

A faint, sickly smile, called forth by the kind manner of the boy, broke for a moment on his lips. But it soon passed away, and the lips became rigid again. He shook his head, and silently went on with his task.

Richard hardly knew what to say next, lest the man should deem him intrusive. But stimulated by his purpose to help him, he said—

"Mr. Randall, if you will tell me how much money you owe Esquire Grab, perhaps I can persuade my father to pay him, and so prevent this sale."

"Heaven bless you, dear boy, for your sympathy!" cried the weeping woman, as she burst into a new fit of sobbing. Her sorrow was like an overflowing spring, and could not be repressed.

"Don't cry, Mary!" said the man, looking affectionately towards his wife. Then turning to the boy, he added, "You are very kind, Master Duncan, but it's no use now. It would take seventy-five dollars, at least, to settle with Esquire Grab, and pay the sheriff's charges: your father will not be likely to pay such a large sum for a man who is almost a stranger to him. It's no use to hope. I've got to the bottom of the ladder, and the best things I now see before me, are the alms-house and the grave."

"Cheer up, Mr. Randall! There's a good time coming for you yet. I'll run home and talk to my father. I will be back in half an hour." Then turning to his wondering com-

panion, he added, "Come, Dolph!" and left the cottage.

"I can't do any good in this matter," said Adolphus, when the two boys reached the sidewalk, "so I guess I'll call on Nor Butler, and if your governor gives them seventy-five dollars I'll call him a real good deacon. But I guess he won't do it."

"We'll see," said Richard, waving his hand and starting on a quick run for home.

Fortunately his father was at home. Richard entered his office out of breath. "Pa!" said he, "what is that colt worth you promised to give me this fall?"

"He is a fine little creature, and will be worth a hundred dollars, my boy, the day he's broken to the harness."

"Well, father, I want you to buy him of me for *seventy-five dollars*," said Richard, with a look in which both humor and deep feeling were blended.

Deacon Duncan looked puzzled, and scarcely knew whether to put on his old stern aspect, or to smile on his expectant boy. But the deacon

and the father triumphed over the man, and, after a brief silence, he smiled, and said—

“If you can give me a good reason for such a trade I’ll agree, though you will lose twenty-five dollars by the bargain.”

Richard then gave his father an account of his visit to Randall’s cottage. He told his feelings about his connection with the death of Old Bones, he plead hard for the family, and finally said—

“I will gladly part with my colt for the sake of saving that honest family from being turned out of doors.”

“God bless you, my noble boy!” said the Deacon, when Richard ceased speaking; “I did not know you had such a generous nature. I will settle with the squire and the sheriff. I will do more. My five-acre farm is without a tenant. There is a good house on it. You may tell Pete to harness Old Brown into the cart, drive you down to Mr. Randall’s, and tell him to move into it instead of the shanty. Tell him to never mind the rent. I’ll call and settle that with him in the course of a few days.”

Richard was surprised at this great goodness of his father. He had not hitherto known much of his liberality, for his old evil habits had built up a wall of separation between them. Hence, he stood, having his eyes blinded with tears, while his heart was beating with big love-throbs, as he gazed on the face of his parent. At last he stepped to his side, cast himself upon his bosom, and wept freely. From that moment the hearts of father and son were melted into one. It was a precious moment for both.

“My son must hasten, and so must I,” said Mr. Duncan, after his boy’s feelings had somewhat subsided.

Richard raised himself up, kissed his father’s lips, and seizing his cap, hurried away to tell the joyful news to the afflicted family.

In a very short time the horse and cart, driven by old Pete, stood at Mr. Randall’s door. Richard bounded into the cottage, and said—

“Mr. Randall, you needn’t go to the shanty now! My father says he’ll pay Squire Grab and the sheriff, and take you for his tenant on his five-acre farm!”

This hurried speech affected the group which heard it in various ways. Mrs. Randall, who still remained seated where Richard left her, clasped her hands, looked towards heaven, and devoutly exclaimed—

“I thank thee, O God, that thou hast made our extremity thy opportunity!”

Mr. Randall stared at the speaker for several moments with looks of stupid surprise. He could scarcely credit his senses. But soon recovering himself, he addressed a question or two to his young benefactor, and then said—

“May heaven reward you, my lad, and spare you the pain of ever tasting the bitter draught of a poverty like mine!”

The children, who had returned from carrying some pieces of household stuff to the shanty, were more noisy in their demonstrations. One of them exclaimed—

“What! are we to live on Mr. Duncan’s little farm!”

“Oh, crikey! won’t that be nice!” cried a little girl, clapping her hands.

Harry, the oldest son, was in transports. He

shook Richard's hand, thanked him, and declared himself ready to defend him with his life, if necessary ; and soon they were all in ecstasies. Richard had, as if by magic, changed a most miserable family into a perfectly happy one.

He now directed their attention to Pete and his cart, and in a few minutes all were busy loading it with the goods for the farm-house. Just as the last article was being placed on the top, the sheriff's deputy arrived, pulled down his red flag, dismissed his men, and told Mr. Randall the judgment was satisfied, and he might take all his goods with him.

This caused a new outburst of joy, and a fresh expression of thanks to Richard, who hurried away to escape their caresses. On reaching home, he told his father what he had witnessed, and closed by saying—

“I never knew before that seventy-five dollars could buy so much happiness.”

CHAPTER XV.

THE ARCHERY PRIZE.

THE day fixed for our young archers to make trial of their skill had arrived. Two o'clock was the hour for the club to assemble in the glen, and, you may be sure, the merry archers were all present at the precise moment. Recent admissions had swelled their number to ten. Among the novices were Adolphus, Harry Randall, Edgar Mackay, Donald Cameron, and Theodore Livingston. Each boy had a single black feather in his cap, a quiver containing six arrows slung across his shoulders, and a bow in his hand.

Jessie's bower had been rebuilt under the directions of Uncle Morris. The vines had not yet grown around it, and being open at the ends, it was a capital point from which to view the contest. Hence it was filled with spectators. Jes-

sie had a chair placed on the table, and was duly proclaimed by Uncle Morris to be Queen of the field. "From the fair hands of Queen Jessie," said he, "the victor will receive the prize of the day, which is the beautiful silver pitcher standing on yonder pillar."

This pillar was a post set in the ground near the entrance of the bower, and covered with evergreens and flowers most tastefully arranged. The cup rested on a bed of moss on the top of this sylvan pillar.

Besides the Carlton family, the parents and sisters of most of the archers were also assembled. Seats had been placed in suitable spots for their accommodation. When all were seated, the glen presented a very lively and romantic appearance.

At half-past two Jessie gave the signal for the good-natured strife to begin. Each boy was to shoot six arrows at the target, which stood sixty feet distant from the line. He who sent three arrows nearest the centre of the target was to win the pitcher. The names of the archers had been written on separate pieces of paper, and

placed in a small pasteboard box. Jessie was to draw these slips out one at a time, and the boys were to shoot in the order in which they might be drawn. The first name she drew was that of Adolphus Harding.

Lieutenant Little John (Richard) blew a blast on his horn when the name was announced. Adolphus bowed to Jessie, took his place on the line, and discharged his six arrows in succession. He had not been long in practice, and much was not expected of him. Four of his arrows went wide, failing to hit the target, but the other two struck just within the outside circle.

“Well done, Adolphus! Those are good shots, considering how little practice you have had,” exclaimed Guy, as Adolphus stepped back from the line.

A minute having been made of these shots, Jessie placed her hand in the box and drew forth the name of Richard Duncan. Robin Hood (Guy) blew a blast. Richard stepped forth, bowed to Jessie, took his place, and drew his bow. He was watched with great interest, and when it was announced that one of his

arrows had hit the eye of the target, that two others were within the interior circle, and the remaining three in close proximity, a whisper went around among the boys that "Guy will scarcely beat that!" and the spectators said, "He is the most expert archer we have ever seen."

The names of other boys were drawn in succession by Jessie, Guy's being the last. Up to his attempt none had done near as well as Richard. It was clear that the victory lay between him and Richard, and all eyes were strained in eager desire to witness the result of his trial.

Conscious of the great interest which centred in his effort, and feeling that nothing less than the exercise of his utmost skill would suffice to excel Richard, Guy lost a measure of his self-possession. His hand trembled. His eye was confused. Hence, his first shot was a poor one, though it was nearer the centre than Richard's poorest arrow.

"This won't do," said Guy to himself, "I must be calm." Then screwing up his nerves with a strong will, he discharged his second

arrow. It hit plump on the eye of the target, close to Richard's best shot, but just outside of it. A cheer from the boys followed this success.

His third arrow struck within the interior circle, but still a hair's breadth outside of Richard's second best. His fourth was just without the interior circle. His fifth touched the edge of the eye, and his last was precisely parallel with Richard's best.

"It's a drawn game," cried Adolphus, as with the rest of the party he went up to the target.

"Not so," said Richard. "The pitcher belongs to Guy, for two of his arrows hit the eye to one of mine."

"Richard is right," observed Mr. Duncan, "Guy is the victor."

"That is so," said Uncle Morris, "but Richard's shots are so nearly equal to Guy's, that it's hard to say which is the most expert marksman. The prize is Guy's, but I have another pitcher precisely like the first, which I kept back for a second prize. That I will award to Richard Duncan."

"Three cheers for the victor!" shouted Walter, hurling his cap into the air.

Three loud huzzas rung merrily through the glen in response to this proposal.

"Three cheers for our lieutenant!" shouted Norman Norton.

Again the welkin rang with joyous huzzas for Richard.

"And now let us give three cheers for our generous friend, Mr. Morris," said Adolphus.

These three cheers were heartily given, after which Uncle Morris lifted his hat from his noble head, bowed with the grace of a prince, and said—

"I thank you, my dear boys, for your hearty cheers. The only return I seek from you is to see you happy in the consciousness of having manly, noble, generous characters. If you wish to gratify me, avoid whatever is low, mean, false, cowardly, or wrong. But come, let us to our queen, who sits yonder on her throne, waiting to bestow the rewards of the day on the victors."

The boys and their friends now crowded to

the entrance of the bower. Jessie took the silver pitcher from the hand of Uncle Morris, and said to Guy, who stood supported by his archers before her—

“Accept this cup, bold Robin Hood, as the just reward of your skill in archery. It is made of pure silver. It is devoted to the goddess of springs and fountains. The giver hopes you will be as skilful in hitting the true aim of life as you have been to-day in hitting your archery target. He hopes, too, that your character will shine like this untarnished silver. He begs you to devote yourself loyally to temperance, industry, honor, and religion. With the cup, I beg to present you with this wreath. It is made of flowers gathered from your own garden. Kneel, most noble archer, and let me crown you chief of archers and a knight of the order of industry !”

Guy knelt with one knee on a bench. Jessie crowned him, and gave him the pitcher. As he rose, he was cheered vociferously by his companions, and by the company generally.

Jessie now gave the other pitcher to Richard

with a neat little speech, and, after a whisper from Uncle Morris, she said—

“Most noble archers, and ladies and gentlemen! you are all invited to walk to the house and partake of the refreshments provided in honor of this great occasion.”

With loud cheers for Richard, and Jessie, and Uncle Morris, the archers proceeded to the house with their parents and friends. There they found a table loaded with cakes, fruits, ice-creams, and other luxuries. Conspicuous among the ornaments of the tables were two large chaplets,—one made of flowers, and the other of weeds. On the former was a card, with these words, “The crown of industry;” on the latter, a card bore this inscription, “The idler’s crown.”

The materials for these chaplets were taken from the garden-plots of Guy and Hugh. Uncle Morris had adopted this device to remind Hugh of his great fault. The company generally did not understand the allusion, but Hugh’s conscience did. It spoiled his enjoyment for the time, and made him dull amid the general

hilarity which prevailed. But it impressed him deeply, and called forth some strongly worded purposes to do better hereafter.

Richard went home a happy boy that afternoon. He certainly had great cause for joy. Considering the long time Guy had practised archery, Richard's very nearly equal expertness was a great success. "Well," said he to himself, as he walked his room, "that came from hard practice, which, as my copybook says, makes perfect. Yes, practice *does* make perfect in every thing. If a fellow means to be a scholar, he must study hard; if he means to be good, he must pray hard and try hard, ay, and he must keep trying too. Never mind, it *pays* to try and try again. Suppose, then, I try to be the first archer in the club; the first scholar in school—and in college, by and by; the first merchant in the city, when I go into business; and—bah! what nonsense am I thinking about! It's enough for me at present if I can be the best boy in Duncanville. I'll try for that, anyhow."

